

# Short Stories

by

Lucy Emily

Copinger

Edited by  
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## Foreword.

Lucy Emily Copinger was my half great great aunt. She was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on 20<sup>th</sup> January 1883. She died in 1983 just ten days before her hundredth birthday.

I was exchanging letters with Lucy, in the 1960's. She described herself as having been, "the frivolous one who never did more than a bit of proof reading."

The reality seems to have been quite different. Her brother Roger Bernard Snr. told me that she had graduated from High School at the age of 16 and went on to teach in public schools in which she held a number of positions. She had read a great deal and was considered to have an "excellent mind".

She may well have been engaged in proof reading but she also wrote stories. Four first came to light as a result of our cousin Elizabeth Copinger delving about on the internet. Years later I discovered the rest on the web site Hathi Trust Digital Library.

The short poem, which begins the selection, was published in 1907. The stories were published in the Sheboygan Daily Press and later appeared in Lippincott's Monthly Magazine, a popular journal of general literature. They were obviously drawn from her experience as a teacher and go towards illustrating Roger's description of her "excellent mind". The stories were written between 1906 and 1914. They reflect the conditions of the era when Lucy taught a class of 60 children from families who were émigrés from countries spread across Europe. They make a series of child sketches, each complete in itself.

Ian Copinger.

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Undated but appears on the site of >Freefictionbooks< under the title "Golden Stories. A Selection of the Best Fiction by the Foremost Writers"

## The Hill.

I am homesick for a hill,  
For a barren hill and bare.  
I have dreamed of it through days,  
Of the blinding city glare,  
When my tired lidded eyes,  
Ached for something far to see,  
I have dreamed of how it stood,  
And how cool its shade must be.

Now I know the North winds come,  
Meet the winds from out the West,

And upon its barren slope,  
In gigantic battle wrest.  
From the city let me go,  
On its Heav'nward face to lie,  
That the winds may sweep my soul,  
Clear as they have swept the sky

## A WOMAN SCORNED.

In the intellectual companionship of the sexes lies the key to the mental and moral growth of the nation. "This was the sentence from "Tudor's Education" in which Miss Lucy's soul rejoiced, for "companionship of the sexes" was Miss Lucy's hobby. True, the 60 little members of Class A, school 20, had quickly knocked down many of Miss Lucy's most beloved theories; but although "moral suasion" had been immediately routed by the wickedness of Bum O'Reilly and "enlarged apperception" had given way before the Teutonic denseness of Frederick William Schneider, "companionship of the sexes" still flourished, therefore the little boys and girls of room A sat, not in the usual discreet and opposite rows, but mingled with the freedom of the modern co-eds.

Miss Lucy was displeased. If Miss Lucy had not been a teacher, Frederick William would have said she was cross, but one of the first things Frederick William had learned in school was that a teacher can never be cross, she can only be displeased. Frederick William, tow headed and with a continual odor of soap suds and sanctity, saw this displeasure and trembled. It was the end of his second month in school; the first having passed in tears, the second in trembling.

The morning started out well. Miss Lucy tripped to the board. "Little boys and girls," she began smilingly, "today we are going to learn a nice new story. Anna dear, don't you want to hear it?"

"No, urn." said Anna quickly.

"Oh, yes, dear, you do." said Miss Lucy reassuringly. "First though we are going to remember the story we had yesterday. Now watch' She wrote in huge letters on the board-

"ight"

"Who knows? Josef?"

Josef, who had raised his hand in a rash and thoughtless spirit, looked foolish and grinned.

"Well?" smiled Miss Lucy. The phonetic method is her favorite.

Joseph made a dreadful effort. He drew himself up and, "Eat." he roars.

Miss Lucy continued to smile.

"Oh, no, Josef, not 'eat'. Try again. Children, Josef is going to try again. Now?"

Josefs thoughts and fingers lingered around a sticky bun in his desk, and "ate" he asserted stubbornly.

Miss Lucy still smiled, but constrainedly.

"Ight, Josef." she said; "remember. Now children" she continued "look!" she slowly formed a large -

"M"

"This is what the cow says." There was breathless attention while Miss Lucy shut her mouth tight and made a queer sound through her nose. Anna nudged her neighbor. "Teacher, Miss Lucy, she god a id, yes?" she whispered, wickedly.

"Now," continued Miss Lucy, "I'm going to put our two stories together, and what does it tell us; Freddy?"

Frederick William rose to his feet and to the occasion.

"B-a-a ight," he says smoothly.

It was then that Miss Lucy became displeased. She decided to give a writing lesson. There was something soothing and practical about a writing lesson, and Miss Lucy gave one whenever she grew weary of teaching the young idea how to shoot anywhere within ten feet of the bull's eye. Also in its peace she generally found time to mark the roll. So, while she waded through names that were a snore only to succumb to those that were a sneeze. Frederick William, who had a tendency to shorthand laboriously copied on his paper the fact that "Bby loves mmma." He had gotten to the fifth assertion of Bby's devotion when he felt a prod in the back and he knew it was Anna.

Anna was the girl who sat behind him. She had a Polish and impossible name and Miss Lucy called her Anna Karenina for short. She never wore more than one garter at a time and it was always a blue hair ribbon. Moreover, Anna Karenina was dirty.

It may have been the exclusiveness reflected from a royal namesake, or only the natural snobbishness of a soapsudish upbringing, but Frederick William did not like Anna. Once when he had no little boy to march out with, she had taken him by the hand and led him, red and ashamed, down the long hall. Then one recess he was sitting under a big tree on the boy's side when suddenly Anna crossed the forbidden line. Her face was very dirty and she leaned close to him, and whispered in a voice of triumph, "I've got a mash on you!"

At this declaration the piece of bun Frederick William had just swallowed went half way down and stopped. A dreadful idea seized him. Once he had been sitting beneath that same tree and when he had reached home his mother had found the remains of a caterpillar upon him. He sprang up. "Take it off, please take it off!" he cried, vainly craning his head backward. But Anna had only stared.

Since then he had received many overtures. He never stood up for his lessons, but that when he sat down it was upon some trifling love token a pencil, a fragment of banana or a piece of candy. Therefore, when he felt Anna's touch he did not turn, and it was not until his paper was filled that the prod was removed and something fell into his lap. It was a piece of chewing gum that had been much and lovingly chewed.

Frederick William picked it up at once and laid it on Anna's desk. "No thank you," he whispered, politely. In a few minutes it fell into his lap again. "Id's for you," came in a thick whisper from Anna, whose accent was like a cold in the head. "No, thank you," Frederick William said politely.

However a few minutes later he found the gum sticking to his sleeve and then he grew angry. He pulled it off, and tiptoeing to the waste basket he threw it in. On his way back he glanced at Anna Karenina and she made a face at him. Just then Miss Lucy looked up. "Children," she said, "I am going to call the roll. Answer at once."

It was not until she had gotten down to the E's that it happened. A cry rent the air, a loud and sudden cry that started from Frederick William's mouth, causing 59 little children to make 59 queer and unintentional marks on their papers, and echoed all the way to the principal's room.

During an awful moment of silence Miss Lucy held her pen suspended in displeasure. Then, "Frederick," she exclaimed, "What is the matter?"

A hot wave of shame dyed Frederick William's face.

"Nothun," he said, stolidly.

"But why did you cry out like that?" asked Miss Lucy severely. "What was it."

"Nothun," said Frederick William.

Then Miss Lucy glared. Whenever Miss Lucy encountered a case not found in "Discipline of the School Room" or "Moral Suasion" she glared. It was unpedagogical but human.

"Remain after school," she said, shortly.

Frederick William sobbed sobs that jerked him up from his seat, shook him convulsively, and sat him down again rudely and heavily.

In the meantime the number work had begun. Anna Karenina was at the board when Miss Lucy chanced to look down at the child's feet, Anna's shoes and stockings were interesting as family heirlooms of a prehistoric period, but it was upon Anna's right toe that Miss Lucy's eyes were fixed.

"Anna," said Miss Lucy, "what is that sticking out from the toe of your shoe?"

"Miss I never pud id there." said Anna ,virtuously. "I dond know noding about id."

"Anna. " said Miss Lucy sternly, "why did you stick a pin in your shoe?"

"Honesd" Miss Lucy," cried Anna with vehement innocence, honesd to drudth hope I may die may the devil cadch me if id aind the drudth I'm delling you I dond know noding about id."

"Stay in after school." said Miss Lucy, helplessly.

At 12 o'clock the dismissal bell rang and the children filed out, leaving Miss Lucy alone with the culprits. Ten minutes later Frederick William was dismissed and departed with an echoing snuffle. Miss Lucy waited until she knew the heavy silence of the empty school had sunk in to the soul of Anna Karenina.

"Anna," she said at last, "can you tell me the truth now?"

Two dirty tears rolled down Anna's cheeks.

"Miss," she began, "I had a mash on him. He was so glean and I gave him all my gandy and all my bearlle and all my ludch and I gave him today my gum that I luf, and he would nod haf id. Id was the windergreen and id is now in the waste basged. And then I stuck a pin in him and he made a holler and I am glad. I hade him."

It was then that Miss Lucy understood that problems will arise for which no theories have as yet been arranged.

"You can go now Anna" she said.

After Anna had gone Lucy sat for a long time confronting the empty benches and the eternal problem of the child of the streets, the next day Class A, School 20, changed seats and when the principal came into the room he saw two proper rows of little girls on one side and two proper rows of little boys on the other.

Also from that time it was noticed that "companionship of the sexes" had somehow fallen into oblivion.

## A CHEERFUL GIVER

It was recreation period of Friday afternoon and Frederick William sat eating a ginger snap. Across the aisle Marie Schaefer of a goodness and neatness rivaling Frederick William's own was eating a bun. Anna Karenina sat beside her. Anna did not have any lunch, and she was wishing it was an apple as then she would get the core. She had not had any dinner either, for when she had gotten home that dinner time it was to find the door locked and her mother out for the day. She had spent the time till the afternoon session in following the dog-catcher's wagon. She had also gotten in three fights, and therefore she may be excused if she sat very close to Marie and looked hungrily and rudely down into her mouth as she ate.

Miss Lucy was writing at her desk and Bum O'Reilly was rubbing off the board. Bum O'Reilly, being the biggest boy in the class, often "did things" for Miss Lucy. There was always a glamor about "doing things" for Miss Lucy that "doing things" for one's mother somehow lacked, and Frederick William thought regretfully of the only thing he had ever done for her. It was one noon when she had asked him to get her a basin of water. Although trembling with excitement, he had carried it safely up to her desk, where he had turned it over into her lap.

Frederick William liked recreation period a great deal better than recess, which came in the morning and during which you were pitched violently into the yard, where you stood timidly squeezed up against the fence and shivered while the other boys ran around and "hollered." If you got a foot away from the fence, you were at once knocked down and stepped on and your nose was made to bleed. Then the bell rang, and you were thrown violently into the hall again unless you did not have a partner, in which case you were "pulled out." The horrible possibilities of getting "pulled out" caused Frederick William and Josef to stand together hand in hand during the whole of recess. But recreation period, which came in

the afternoon, was quite different, for then you sat with dignity in your seat and ate your lunch while the other children looked at you enviously.

That afternoon Frederick William had come to school with a great resolve and two ginger snaps. He was going to give one of the ginger snaps to Miss Lucy. He knew just how he would do this, for it was only yesterday that Bum O'Reilly had brought a whole three-cent cream puff and, in the openness of his Irish heart, had given it all to Miss Lucy—all, that is, except the sugar, which he had licked off the top. Frederick William thought with pleasure of how he would bestow his ginger snap. He would walk boldly up to the desk without even raising his hand for permission. True, there was an explicit rule concerning the reckless one who was guilty of this act, but when you had something for Miss Lucy that was the exception. One then walked grandly from his seat, and she only smiled sweetly and said: "Thank you, dear." Later she might even let you rub the board off.

Frederick William thought of all this as he ate his ginger snap. He ate it slowly, leaning over the desk so that the crumbs would not be lost. Then he reached into the bag and drew out Miss Lucy's ginger snap. He looked at the cake. It was so nice and round and smooth on the edges. He remembered that his had had a tiny piece chipped out of it. An insistent element of equity in his nature demanded that he should take a bite off of Miss Lucy's cake just the size of what had been broken from his. He did so. Then he took another little bite right beside the first one. Then, to make it look even all around he thought he would bite once more around the edge in a circle. But he lost track of where he had started from, and it was not until the ginger snap was reduced to a damp, sticky object about the size of a quarter that he stopped suddenly, for it had occurred to him that if he ate it all he lost all chance of rubbing off the boards. So, after a fearful straggle with his frugal little German soul, he dropped the remains of the cake into the bag and went up to Miss Lucy's desk. She looked up with a displeased frown, which, when she saw the bag, delightfully changed into a nice smile. "Thank you, Frederick," she said sweetly. Frederick William laid the bag on her desk and returned to his seat, glowing with the satisfied blessedness of the cheerful giver.

A few minutes later Miss Lucy stood up and called for order. "Children," she said, "sit up nice and still. I am going to let you have an Action lesson." In the Primer the "Foreword to Teachers" declared the Action lesson to be unexcelled in "the quickening of perception," and therefore Miss Lucy conscientiously gave Action lessons, but she did not like them at all. That afternoon she started the Action lesson by writing "jump" on the board. "Now, children, look!" she said. Then Miss Lucy jumped and her comb fell out. The class at once rose as one child and rushed forward to pick it up. This caused a temporary check to the lesson, but, when order was restored, "Children," said Miss Lucy, "what did I do? August?"

"You lost your hair-comb," said August truthfully.

"Yes, but what else?" said Miss Lucy.

"You jumped," said August.

"Good," said Miss Lucy, "Then what does this say?" and she wrote, "See me jump."

"See me comb," said August, whose mind was slow to eliminate first ideas.

"No, it isn't," said Miss Lucy impatiently. "I told you 'jump' didn't I?—Marie?"

"See me jump," said Marie correctly, and Miss Lucy smiled once more.

In the same way Miss Lucy ran, flew, laughed, hopped, and skipped. It was while she was skipping vigorously across the room that she glanced out through the open door into the hall and saw the janitor looking in. To him the Newer Education, as practiced by Miss Lucy, was an unending marvel, and he was watching her skip with an expression of bewildered interest that made Miss Lucy feel very foolish. She got very red and shut the door angrily upon him.

"Children," she said, "you know it is Friday afternoon, and I think, since you have been very good, I am going to let you have a little entertainment"

An entertainment! A real entertainment, consisting, it is true, mainly of speaking, but not at all to be confounded with the awful memory gems that one was obliged to recite every morning. Miss Lucy taught these memory gems of the "be-good-little-ones-and-you-will-be-happy" kind, and Frederick William did not understand them at all. He thought of the one that he had recited that morning with the usual accompaniment of swallows and gurgles it was

"Willie Hands and Willie Feet

Lead us straight to Sunshine Street."

Frederick William had not yet come to the age of criticism that one acquires in the third grade, and he still accepted absolutely all statements made by Miss Lucy. But he could not help wondering who Willie Hands was and who Willie Feet was, and whether after they got him to Sunshine Street they would leave him there lost or take him back to Heneman Avenue and his mother. But an entertainment—that was quite different from memory gems. Miss Lucy, quoting, called it "the spontaneous and free utterance of thought concept." To the children it meant that one might say or sing anything he wished in the way that best suited him. Therefore the heart of Frederick William was glad when, the action lesson being finished, Miss Lucy put on her entertainment smile. This smile of Miss Lucy's was one of a great many. It was much nicer than her "try again, dear" smile which she had when Anna did not know her sums and which Frederick William did not like at all, but it was not nearly so nice as her "Now my little boys and girls" smile, which she smiled when the principal came in the room and it could never for a moment be compared to her "getting things" smile, which was the loveliest of all.

Miss Lucy having acquired her entertainment smile, "Now children," she said, "who knows something to say?" A dozen hands waved wildly, Anna Karenina's among them like a brown flag. "Marie," selected Miss Lucy.

The hypocritical Marie stepped out and recited a hypocritical little piece in which she earnestly declared her love for her teacher.

"Very good," said the flattered Miss Lucy. "Who else? Josef?"

Josef was a foolish little boy who always raised his hand and never knew anything. He stood beside Miss Lucy grinning in sheepish silence until at last she had to send him to his seat still grinning. Can a thought concept be formed in a vacuum? thought Miss Lucy psychologically.

Next Bum O'Reilly sang in a dreadful monotone one of the organ-grinder songs, consisting mainly of the statement that he would be waiting among the roses for a vague young person of the feminine gender. He further insisted upon an encore—"The Holy City," coming out with a fortissimo upon the "Je" in "Jerusalem" in a way that made it sound irreverently slangy.

At last Anna Karenina's turn came, and Miss Lucy knew that she would feel the need of a dramatic censor, for Anna inclined greatly to the less refined forms of literature. The fatal gift of beauty was not Anna's and she wore the regular first-grade dress of the Karenina family. It had already been worn by six other Kareninas, and as there were two more coming, it was never put through the trying ordeal of the wash. There was nothing timid about Anna, however, and she stood boldly forth and in a thick loud voice she recited:

"One o'clock is sdriking';  
Muder, may I go oud?  
The boys are waidin' on the gorner  
For me do gome oud.

"They says they'll give me gandy;  
They says they'll give me gake;  
They says they'll give me fifdy zends  
If I giss them ad the gade.

"I did nod dake the gandy;  
I did nod dake the gake;  
Bud I dock the fifdy zends  
And I gissed them ad the gade."

This classic being finished, Miss Lucy, with a sigh of relief that it was no worse, asked for some one to play "Jack and Jill," a dramatization of the nursery rhyme that she had taught them. She selected Frederick William to be Jack, causing him at once to get a queer trembling of the knees. Anna was the only one of the girls who would be Jill. The two were given a large tin cup to be held between them, and they were to march up from the door while the children recited the rhyme. At first all went well. At the proper time the self-conscious Frederick William dropped gently and neatly to the floor, ever mindful of his clean waist, and put his hand to his head

with the freedom of gesture of an automaton. But at the words "Jill came trumbling after," the excitable Anna, with the abandon of a Bernhardt, threw herself headlong upon Frederick William, knocking the tin cup at Miss Lucy, stepping upon Frederick's finger, and hitting her head violently against his. At which Frederick William at once burst into tears and was sent sobbing out to bathe his finger. Anna was sent to her seat, and, with the ringing of the bell, the entertainment concluded.

When Frederick William returned, all the children had gone. He got his things and was just going out when Miss Lucy called to him. "Frederick," she said, "would you mind emptying the basket?"

Frederick William grew red with pleasure. This, then, was to be the fruit of generosity, the reward of the ginger snap. He managed to carry the basket down the steps without putting his foot into it. When he emptied it his natural methodical neatness caused him to take out each piece of paper and lay it carefully in the bin. Near the bottom he found two captured horn agates of Bum O'Reilly's. He had often admired them and he unhesitatingly put them into his pocket. Some gloomy vivisector of child nature might prophecy from this act a criminal career for little Frederick William, but it would have been too premature a prophecy. His mind was chockfull of precepts from his mother, his Sunday school, and Miss Lucy. But he had as yet no moral sense at, and it never occurred to him that these maxims were intended for any practical use. Having disposed of the horn agates, Frederick William finished emptying the basket, and it was when he had come to the last piece of paper that he saw something sticking to it. It was a small, brown, moist object. Fitting climax to an almost perfect day!

The tears had quite dried upon his little shiny pink cheeks, and he sat down comfortably beside the bin as with slow and happy content he ate the despised remnant of Miss Lucy's ginger snap.

## ART OR NATURE?

ANNA KARENINA and Sophie Bauerschmidt were sitting on the curb-stone in front of the Bauerschmidt saloon, from beneath the bar of which they had just been rudely ejected by Sophie's father. They were talking about Miss Lucy.

"My sister," said Sophie, "seen Miss Luzy, and she says she's a swell."

Sophie's sister, a creature of a very big pompadour that hung coquettishly into one eye, worked at the beauty-counter of a department store, and was therefore the social oracle of the Bauerschmidt circle.

There was an element of gloom in Anna's nature that discounted for her all thing pedagogical. "A swell!" she echoed disdainfully; "she aind even no lady. My mother says she aind nothing bud a working-woman. Ladies never do no work. They juss sids all day und puds things on their faces like my mother."

"Well, anyhow," said Sophie, "Miss Luzy's got nice clothes."

"They aind so much," insisted Anna; "she aind god no silk peddicoad und she never wears no beads nnd her sdoockings aind god holes over them,"

"But she's pretty, anyhow" said Sophie.

"Hod air," Anna scoffed, "Why, she's god red hair."

"If s the style," argued Sophie. "My sister put stuff on her hair, and some of ifs red and the rest aint."

"Thad's like my mother's" Anna agreed; "but Miss Luzy's is juss all red."

"But if s curly," wavered Sophie; "ifs curly down by her ear."

"Aind you never nexd?" cried Anna, angered at such denseness. Thad aind no real curl.

"Its spit then," said Sophie.

"She puds id ub," said Anna, with finality; "I bed you she does."

"I bet you she don't," snapped Sophie.

"Whad'll you bed?" cried Anna.

"You're afraid," Anna jeered. "I bed you a cend she does."

"I bet you a cent she don't," cried the taunted Sophia



"All right," said Anna; " juld waidd dill id rains." Then, growing weary of Sophie's company, she departed to the more congenial pursuits of the gang.

Two days latter it rained. Miss Lucy, having come to school in the midst of a damp, depressing drizzle, went to her bookcase where she kept a small looking-glass carefully hidden beneath a gilt-lettered " Teacher's Creed." The principal had often noted and approved the cheerful and long-sustained attention that Miss Lucy gave to her Creed each morning.

However, that morning the inspection was short. The dampness had flattened her fresh waist into a slovenly, limp garment, and the end of her nose was damp and coldly pink. Being a mere feminine creature of clothes, she slammed the bookcase door and sitting down at her desk looked gloomily and bitterly at the sixty members of Class A. Owing to the inclement weather, Class A was in an unbecoming state of damp greasiness, and Nature, in a vain attempt to give a bath to her neglected children, had only made matters worse.

Anna Karenina looked like a wet fresh sausage, and according to her usual custom in rainy weather, she had taken off the blue hair-ribbon that was her sole garter, thus letting both her stockings hang down over her shoes. True, her legs felt cold, but she had an idea that her stockings thus worn resembled the gaiters that Miss Lucy sometimes donned. Unlike Anna, whose morning ablutions no pleading could extend farther than the dainty wetting of a finger tip which was then cautiously applied to the corner of each eye, Bum O'Reilly every morning oblig-ingly washed his face in a three-inch circle whose centre was his nose,— an oasis of cleanliness in a desert of dirt. But, unfortunately, he smelt like a very strong stogie. This odor united with the ambrosial perfume of stale beer that surrounded Sophie and the scent of the coal oil with which Josef Bureschy, whose mother was vain, anointed his too sparse coiffure. In the face of this union Frederick William, whom Miss Lucy had placed in the first and nearest seat, valiantly but vainly gave forth his usual clean soapy smell of the laundry.

Miss Lucy, as she sat and sniffed the many-scented incense of Class A, felt a depressing wane of her young enthusiasm. Dirty little brats! How she did hate teaching! Maybe it would be better to get married, after all. If only Anna Karenina's dress could be fried how nice it would look, and would it give Bum O'Reilly croup if she should wash his ears.

Just then the bell broke in upon these pleasant thoughts and Lucy started in upon the morning's work. The opening exercises' passed with no untoward incident other than the sudden upheaval of Anna into the corner for eating candy, an incident which vexed Anna, as she thereby missed the " Morning Thank You Song," in which she always easily " out-hollered" the other children. Then the mental number work began. The class, though good in reading, was poor in number, and Miss Lucy always gave a lesson when she felt cross, as it gave her an opportunity to glare.

" Frederick," she began ironically, "if you had six cakes and gave me five how many would you have?"

It was in the midst of this charmingly impossible proposition that Frederick was interrupted.

" Anna," Miss Lucy whispered hurriedly, " come out of the corner at once. Frederick, sit down. Children, if you speak a word you will stay in two hours." Then, with her sweetest smile, " Now, my little boys and girls, let us take out our books and find the ' pretty bird' stories."

Just at this moment the half-closed door opened and a young man peeped shyly in. He was a timid-looking young man with pale spectacled eyes and he carried a red copybook. Miss Lucy, seeing the book, knew the young man to be the critic teacher.

This critic teacher was the dread embassy of the Training School under whose kindly guidance still continued such young and tender teachers as Miss Lucy. Also it was often found that after a visit from this critic teacher these same young and tender teachers must perforce hie themselves back to the School there to study a year longer.

" He sits in your room," a teacher friend had shudderingly told Miss Lucy, " and you don't know what you are saying and everything you take hold of drops, and all the time he just sits there and writes down all your mistakes, and you stay home for a week after because you are sick."

" How silly !" had exclaimed the superior Miss Lucy. " I never get nervous. If he comes in my room, I shall merely greet him with my ordinary manner and go on with my usual work."

From this calm announcement we can easily imagine Miss Lucy advancing to meet the critic teacher with an ineffable condescension. Instead of which she stood still and opened her mouth several times vainly. Then she gurgled. The critic teacher, who in reality was only a painfully shy, woman-fearing young man, also gurgled. He then extended a cold and clammy hand, which was met by one equally cold and clammy. At this point a loud whisper was heard from Sophie Bauerschmidt, who suspected Miss Lucy of matrimonial designs upon loudly. Miss Lucy glared wildly at her, and the critic teacher, sinking weakly into a chair, opened his note-book. Miss Lucy turned to her class and for a moment smiled vaguely and appealingly at them with a dreadful shadow of her "entertainment" smile. Then, suppress-ing a tendency to swallow all the time, she began to direct the reading lesson in a voice that reminded her of Frederick William reciting a memory gem. As for the critic teacher, still appalled by the announcement that he was Miss Lucy's beau, he sat wretchedly on the ridge of Miss Lucy's chair and wrote swiftly and constantly in his book.

At last Frederick William's turn came to read. "See kitty chump," said he. It was the first sentence in the Primer and the only one he had ever mastered. He rendered it upon all occasions, and it was always accepted by Miss Lucy with an indulgent smile. However, this time she shook her head. "No, dear," she said sweetly; "try again."

"See kitty chump," said Frederick complacently.

Then Miss Lucy came toward him and bending over him pointed to the first word.

It was at this moment that the stillness of the room was suddenly dispelled by a loud smack. This smack—sudden, loud, and sharp—was follow by a breathless gasp from the class. Then a sound of lamentation fell upon the air.

"Anna," said Miss Lucy, instinctively, "come here. And you, Sophie, also."

Anna came sullenly, Sophie tearfully nursing a very red cheek. Miss Lucy, standing between them, glanced at the critic teacher. He had stopped writing and, pen held in hand, was evidently critically waiting the outcome of this breach of discipline.

"Anna," began Miss Lucy, "Why did you strike Sophie?"

"I never done id," declared Anna.

"Sophie," said Miss Lucy, "Why did Anna strike you?"

Sophie, who was rather enjoying herself, sniffed violently. "She took my cent," she said, "and I got it back and then she hit me in the jaw, and, Miss Luzy, I got the toothache," finished this victim of Anna's rapacity.

"You're a liar," said Anna angrily, "and you waid dill I ged you oudside und I'll knock your block off." Then, with a sullen sob, "id was my cend anyhow. Id wasn'd even spid."

At this point Sophie, who loved an audience, broke in. "And she said you put your hair up in curl-papers at night, and she said your petticoat wasn't even silk, and she said you didn't have no holes in your stockings."

At these revelations Miss Lucy gasped and, sitting down hysterically upon a desk, looked at the critic teacher. Outraged and horrified by the idea that he, a young man of exemplary habits, should be thus drawn into a discussion concerning feminine hosiery, the critic teacher had risen, pale and with a wild look in his eyes. For a moment he and Miss Lucy, both stricken gurgles, looked at each other. Then seizing his hat, he turned and hastened without the portals of the depraved and immoral Class A. As the door shut upon his scandalized back, Miss Lucy, glancing toward her desk, caught sight of a red copy-book lying there open. All the beautiful moral precepts that were the delight of Class A quite forgot, she clutched the copybook and feverishly turned its pages. They were all blank.

"What an awful old fake!" she exclaimed; "worse than I am;" and then, to Bum O'Reilly, "James, run and take this to the gentleman that was in here just now."

Later, when the dismissal bell rang and the children were departing, Miss Lucy fastened Anna's ragged pink fascinator over her head. Then, as she gave her a gentle shove out the door, she stealthily pressed a cent into the child's dirty hand.

After which she went to the bookcase and looked at herself in the glass. Regretfully and tenderly she pulled a melancholy strand, once the pride and joy of her heart, that hung limply down by her ear. "And id wasn'd even spid," she said gloomily.

## MISS LUCY AND THE SIMPLE LIFE.

To open the eyes and the hearts of her young charges to the glories of Nature, to reveal to them the wonders of the world beautiful- this indeed is the blessed privilege of the teacher" Thus rashly, the enthusiastic Miss Lucy at a Teacher's Meeting. The principal, caught by the aesthetic inversion of adjectives, beamed approval upon her and the next day he came into Room 20 with an invitation for Miss Lucy. It was from the Playground Association, and in it Miss Lucy was offered the use of the Park Playground for an afternoon. At this announcement, "How nice," Miss Lucy gushed with hypocritical fervour, "and how kind of you to get it for me. "

This was how it came about that the next day, - the end of June and the last day of school,- Miss Lucy, feeling like the Matron of the Home for Friendless Waifs, found herself walking at the head of a two-by-two line thirty deep. It was Class A in search of the wonders of the world beautiful.

In accordance with an iron rule of the Board each child had been required to bring six cents for his car fare. Bum O'Reilly, however, had appeared with only four and a letter from his mother addressed to "Miss Loosy, teecher" in which the sad "sirkumstanzes off Mrs O'Reilly" were set forth. However, her man was described as having his eye on something and "Miss Loosy was the darlin of her James and would she lend him the other two cents."

As for Frederick William, he had brought the six cents but they had been carefully hidden away in his pocket by a shrewd mother and were only to be used in extremity.

In the vernacular of Bum O'Reilly, Class A had on its glad rags. There was one boy who had even washed behind his ears. Bum himself in spite of the warm weather wore his Sunday pants of red plush and cut from an old chair cover. Frederick William was just as clean and a little shinier than usual, and he had on his best stockings, upon which shone strange zebra-like stripings. Sophie Bauerschmidt wore her sister's beads. At the end of the line straggled Anna Karenina with her mother's dark chiffon veil around her neck.

In spite of her dirtiness that day had seen a great moral upheaval in Anna. She was going to be good. Vainly Miss Lucy had struggled for this regeneration, the only response had been a perverse wickedness. That dinnertime, however, in splendid rivalry of Sophie's beads she had stole her mother's veil. She had tied it around her neck, and as Anna was as truly feminine a creature of clothes as Miss Lucy herself, instantly there had come over her an overwhelming sense of the goodness of beauty and the beauty of goodness. When she had tied back her greasy forelock of hair with her blue garter, her conversion was complete, for that was the way Marie Schafer wore her hair and Anna was going to be even as good as Marie's.

This new morality of Anna's- though the mere matter of a dirty chiffon veil - had brought her safely through the journey to the park. At the cars frantic cries for "Miz Luzy" were heard, but it was found to be Sophie and not Anna who had stopped to make faces at an envious neighbor who had been so nearly left behind.

At last the Playgrounds were reached, a pleasant and sheltered stretch of lawn guarded by a fat policeman. There one found many see-saws and a big sand-heap. In one corner there was also a pile of rafia, and Miss Lucy seeing, thought with a guilty helplessness of the Rafia Meeting she had hooked to go to a matinee.

However, the children amused themselves unassisted until Bum O'Reilly fell off a see-saw. When Miss Lucy and the fat policeman ran to his rescue, "Gee," he remarked with Celtic cheerfulness, "if I ain't bust me Sunday pants." At which Miss

Lucy and the fat policeman blushed.

After Bum had been repaired with numerous safety pins Miss Lucy called the children together and distributed some sandwiches she had brought. In the silence that fell upon the eating children she heard the reverent tones of Sophie Bauerschmidt.

"It's chicken, ain't it?" she whispered to Anna.

Anna had never tasted chicken but, "Hod air," she whispered back cynically, "thad chicgen. Ids weal"

While the children were eating Miss Lucy looking around on the green beauty of grass and tree, thought a little nature talk would not be inappropriate. She selected grass as her subject.

"Children," she began, in her school teachery voice, "I am going to talk to you about what we see all about us over the ground -something that you have all been sitting on. Frederick, what?"

"Three ants and some sand," said the exact Frederick William.

"Very good" said Miss Lucy with resignation, "and now lets play some games".

Miss Lucy suggested Blind Man's Buff. This was popular and was only stopped by Josef running his nose into a tree.

The great catastrophe occurred during Hi Spy. Marie Schaefer was "it". Miss Lucy, sitting on one of the benches, leaned back and looked dreamily up at the lazy clouds that drifted through the sky like gypsy angels through a blue world - clouds that were neither white nor pink but an elusive primrose echo of both. She had just gotten to the stanza of a beautiful poem she was composing about it all when she noticed that Marie Schaefer was standing with her hand raised in quite the proper schoolchild manner.

"I can't find Anna anywhere." said Maria plaintively, "I have looked everywhere for her and I can't find her. She's gone."

Miss Lucy jumped to her feet with a premonition of disaster.

"Gone!" she echoed wildly.

Then began a search which, as the sun passed behind the trees, became a frantic and vain wandering up and down endless paths - a search in which was enlisted the fat and sympathetic policeman. Anna was indeed gone.

At last when an hour had gone and Miss Lucy had just sunk upon a bench and was beginning a nice comfortable attack of hysterics, she saw the fat policeman coming down one of the paths. In his arms he had a dripping, squirming bundle from which came thick sobs and a long string that had once been Mrs. Karenina's chiffon veil.

"Oh Anna," cried Miss Lucy tearfully, "Oh Anna, where have you been?"

"Id was the chicgen" wailed the unhappy backslider "the whide chicgen in the water. He was so fad und glean und shiny und I lighed him und I wanded him und I wand him now." Then all her new morality buried in the ruins of the chiffon veil - the wretched Anna kicked her fat rescuer viciously on the shins. "I wand him now!" she screamed.

"She fell in the duck pond," the policeman explained. Then, as he saw the puddle of muddy water that had dripped from Anna's clothes, "You had better take her home, Miss," he said kindly, "she ain't used to it and she'll take cold. I'll carry her down to the gate."

The return to the gate was a rush. At the transfer corner Miss Lucy met the Principal, wide eyed and on his way to the Park. He was in a state of wordy reproachfulness.

"I can't help it," Miss Lucy snapped femininely, "It was all your fault, anyhow. Why did you get me that old invitation! I didn't want it."

Then they waited in mutual sulkiness until the car came. It was crowded with the six o'clock rush and Miss Lucy, her hair coming down, her hat over her ear and her dress wet from Anna's clothes, was angrily conscious of many looks of amusement. Anna, her arm dug into Miss Lucy's arm, had gone sniffingly to sleep and Miss Lucy, as she grudgingly supported her, felt a sudden new bitterness in her heart against this ugly little stumbling block to all her plans.

At last the school was reached and the other members of Class A having been delivered to anxious relations, Miss Lucy hurried down to the tenement section with Anna. In a nervous tremor at Mrs Karenina's anticipated wrath she stumbled up the greasy flights that led to Anna's home. Half way up, a door was opened and a drunken, blasphemous voice inquired hospitably as to who it was that wanted to get his block knocked off.

In reply to this inquiry Anna swore back cheerfully over the banister, but Miss Lucy turned pale and sped fearfully up the steps only to find that Anna's mother was out. She was probably down the river or to a ball.

So Miss Lucy gingerly undressed Anna. Hung her clothes over an improvised line, rubbed her dry with a dish towel, and, as her wardrobe was limited to one set, wrapped her in the sheet and left her already asleep on the unspeakable mattress where the six other Karenina's usually repose.

A little later she opened the door and for a moment she looked remorsefully at the sleeping Anna. Then she felt a sudden smart in her eyes.

"Poor thing" she said angrily, "poor ugly little thing! She might never have come home at all and her dreadful mother would not have cared. She would have been glad."

Then she shut the door carefully and started to grope her way down the stairs.

Halfway down she made a wrong turn and fell down several steps. She made quite a noise over it and the owner of the blasphemous voice opened his door and threw a chair leg at her. It was then that Miss Lucy decided that the wonders of the work beautiful were not worth while.

In a panic she flew up the narrow street where dirty little children, ghastly in the electric light, played and fought and cursed. With her eyes still open for chair legs she at last reached the street of her own protecting house and people. As she ran thankfully up the steps, "Don't say blessed privilege of the teacher to me" said Miss Lucy wearily.

## WHEN CLASS "A" GAVE THANKS.

Connected with the Teachers' Institute, under whose guidance Miss Lucy still continued, there was a sort of post-graduate club, small in its numbers and snobbish in its attitude, this club was, as it were, the inner circle of teacherdom, and from its superior heights its members could afford to turn up their pedagogical noses and stick out their pedagogical tongues at their less favored sisters. It was known as the Society of Scholastic Sociology, which high sounding title was, however, perverted by envious outsiders into the Sour Spinster Social. Miss Lucy and her frivolous companions had been among these irreverent scoffers until the time came when Miss Lucy herself was invited to aspire to its membership. She then took to speaking in rhetorical periods only, and to snubbing her former associates.

The requirements for admission to the society were few but rigorous. The candidate wrote a thesis upon some problem of school life, and was then visited by a committee of three who listened to the working out of the problem. With her usual cheerful conceit Miss Lucy had scorned the humbler phase of her work and had taken for her subject "A Teacher's Influence Upon the Moral Tone of Her Class." A week before Thanksgiving she received notice that the committee of three would visit her.

The next morning Miss Lucy, clothed in a foolish confidence and tier very best white shirt-waist, stood before Class A, while in the back of the room sat judicially the dread committee made up of the principal, the supervisor and a visiting teacher a long thin, spectacled person whom Miss Lucy in her regenerate days would have designated as one of the Sour Spinsters but whom she now viewed with the reverence given to the high priestess in the ranks of Scholastic Sociology. Miss Lucy had taken for her sub-topic "Why we give Thanks," and fortified by her new waist she swallowed the lump in her throat and began.

"Children," she said, smilingly, "I want to talk to you a little about a holiday we are going to have soon. Who knows what it is? Herman?"

"Holler eve." said Herman.

"Oh, no, Herman, not Hallow eve." said Miss Lucy. "It is Thanksgiving. And now who can tell me what Thanksgiving means? What do we do then? Sophie?"

"Miss Luzy," began Sophie Bauerschmidt, "efery year we hafa party mit beer, and my father gits drunk and my mother says he ain't nothing but a guzzler."

In these heart to heart talks with her class Miss Lucy allowed a certain freedom of expression, but at the disclosure of this exchange of connubial compliments she looked shocked.

"Yes Sophie dear," she began, but the talkative Sophie was not so easily checked.

"And Miss Luzy," she continued, "my sister's got a beau, but my mother says he ain't nothing but a kissing-bug."

At this Miss Lucy looked apprehensively at the committee. The principal was shamelessly amused, but the supervisor, a correct gentleman, looked pained, and the blush of outraged modesty was rising upon the spinster cheek of the visiting teacher.

"That will do Sophie," said Miss Lucy, severely, "you are not telling me what I asked at all. Children, some of you can surely tell me what Thanksgiving means! Anna, what do we do then?"

Anna Karenina, in her seat at the foot of the class, had been sitting in scornful silence that she always opposed to these attempts of Miss Lucy to uplift her moral tone. Even this obvious appeal did not affect her.

"Nothun," she said, rudely.

At these repeated refusals to respond to her questions a suspicion was growing upon Miss Lucy that as a subject of scholastic sociology research Class A might be a failure. Her cheeks were beginning to show flaming signals of distress, but she kept bravely on.

"Oh, yes, Anna, surely you can think of something you do on Thanksgiving."

"Nothun," repeated Anna, blankly. Having thus spoken, she withdrew herself from further discussion by sulkily putting her head down on her desk.

Just at this moment an inspiration seized Bum O'Reilly. His quick Irish tact had told him that there was some especial answer desired by Miss Lucy. He remembered that she had always shown an interest in the numerous additions to his family.

"We got a baby last Thanksgiving," he volunteered, obligingly, "but we ain't goin' to git none this year."

At this point Miss Lucy, without even daring to look at the committee, hastily interrupted.

"Yes, yes, James," she said, "but what is it you and all of us do every day but more than ever on Thanksgiving day?"

"You should clean your teeth and wash yourself all over," said Josef Bureschy, whose weak mind was wandering back to the Cleanliness Talk of the day before.

At last, "We give thanks," said the correct Marie Schaefer, the only member of Class A who ever knew anything.

Thus having laboriously extracted the desired answer, Miss Lucy took fresh heart, and her smile grew a little less glazed, her sprightliness a little less painful.

"Yes, we give thanks," she said, "Now who can tell why we give thanks. Who can think of something nice that he is thankful for?"

At these pleasant words of something nice Frederick William's face brightened.

"Well Frederick," smiled Miss Lucy, hopefully, "what are you thankful for?"

"The gizzard," said Frederick William.

It was then that Miss Lucy gave up the fight. She was about to sink wearily into her chair and defeatedly order a writing lesson, when the visiting teacher, who had been viewing her struggles with the cold tolerance of the superior pedagogue, came forward.

"Let me speak to the little ones" she said condescendingly.

Miss Lucy assented, and, thus shelved, she sat down meekly at one side. As she did so she looked at the supervisor, and she was surprised to see the solemn opening and closing of one of his eyes in such a manner that, if he had not been the supervisor, Miss Lucy would have said that he winked at her.

The visiting teacher stood up before Class A. The visiting teacher was the pure type of feminine pedagogue bespectacled, scant of hair, sour visaged. In reproof of the frivolous fluffiness of Miss Lucy's lingers, she wore one of those antique creations that can only be designated as a basque, dusty, black and scant. With a cool turning round of the decree of fashion that only a priestess of Scholastic Sociology would dare, this waist buttoned tightly down the front and came down in a point in the back. So unique was the effect that Miss Lucy wondered vaguely if this costume was the required uniform of Scholastic Sociology. Her ingenious mind had already hit upon a plan whereby she could conform to this regulation by putting her own waists on backwards, when she became aware that the visiting teacher was speaking.

If Miss Lucy's manner had been of a gentle sprightliness, the visiting teacher's was openly hilarious. "Lift them up!" was her creed, usually expressed with much uplifting of arms. "Carry them along with you on the wave of vitality. This is the spirit of scholastic art"

On this occasion the spirit of scholastic art was put forth more vigorously than ever in a final attempt to lift the dead weight of Class A's so neglected little moral tones.

"Little boys and girls," she began, with a coquettish waving of arms that Bum, who was the star twirler of his nine, would have described as a crack motion, "open your little eyes, open your little ears, open your little hearts and listen and look just as hard!" As she spoke

she conveniently illustrated her remarks upon the nearest child who happened to be Frederick William: and it was a painful shock to this most dignified of Miss Lucy's scholars to have his eyebrows pulled up, his ears tweaked, to be gently poked in the stomach, and, as a climax, to receive a rap on the head at the hand of the playful visiting teacher. At this treatment his eyes filled with tears and he looked beseechingly at Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy's attention, however, was engaged elsewhere, for from the beginning of the visiting teachers address she had been aware of a loudly whispered conversation carried on across the aisle between Sophie Bauerschmidt and Anna Karenina - a conversation that ignoring her warning frowns, finally culminating in a vindictive shaking of fists and out-sticking of tongues. Unfortunately, the visiting teacher caught sight of Anna's extended tongue, and, "Little girl, little girl!" she said reproachfully, "Why, little girl!"

At this Sophie sniggered, but Anna glowered threateningly.

"Id ain'd my fauld," she said angrily. "She says him's"-pointing accusingly at the supervisor, "her father, and you're her mother, and you ain'd. Onct I seen Miz Luzy's mother und she ain'd so old ad all."

After this a blank occurred in Miss Lucy's memory, and it was not until the middle of the writing lesson that she fully recovered. The committee of three had gone.

After school the principal came to her.

"You'll have to try again." he said "You didn't pass. You made a good try, and the supervisor and I would have let you in anyway, but I don't think the - er- maternal idea exactly appealed to our distinguished colleague."

Miss Lucy had quite regained her usual cheerfulness, but she could not resist a little feminine spite.

Oh well," she said resignedly, "I guess it's for the best. I could never have dressed the part anyhow. I'd have to pickle my face and put my clothes all on backward."

## BUM O'REILLY'S LAST CHANCE

It was Bum O'Beilly's hopeless devotion to Marie Schaefer that was his final undoing. She was so clean that she smelt of soapsuds, while Bum was the dirtiest boy in Class A. His pugnacious temperament had made him a general nuisance, and his irregular attendance would have long ago landed him in the clutches of the truant officer had it not been for the foolish and sheltering affection that Miss Lucy had for this Celtic incorrigible, whose hair was of the same cheerful hue as her own, and whose loveliness was so irresistible. At last his misdeeds culminated in the bestowal of a dead snake— souvenir of a Fresh Air outing—upon Marie, who, finding it in her desk, ungratefully screamed herself red in the face. That dinner-time Miss Lucy had just made herself a cup of good smelling coffee and had spread out her lunch—a particularly toothsome one of chicken and other delicacies—when she was summoned to an interview with Mrs. Schaefer—an unpleasant interview, which lasted until the beginning of the afternoon session. At its conclusion the hungry Miss Lucy, who had a weakness for chicken, wrathfully gathered her lunch together and went to the principal.

"Will you give me one of those committal papers?" she said. " I am going to send O'Reilly to the Incorrigible School. I 'll go this afternoon and get his mother's signature."

The principal looked regretful.

"Has he had his last chance?" he asked. "Can't you give him one more ? "

"No, I can't," said Miss Lucy righteously; "and I'm going to tell his mother just what he is, you see if I don't."

So it was that after school that afternoon Miss Lucy walked down the street, her lunch in one hand and the committal paper in the other. Bum, with a cheerfulness too unassumed to be impudent, walked beside her. Her wrath had waxed with her hunger, and it was with unusual severity that she stopped Bum's obliging explanation of the difference between a horn agate

and a "nigger louse," while in the silence that ensued she rehearsed to herself the list of his iniquities that she had prepared for Mrs. O'Reilly.

Bum, who was one of eleven children, did not live in the tenement district, but among even more squalid surroundings. A railroad ran in front of the neglected little buildings, with that peculiar look of grimy dirtiness characteristic of such neighborhoods. The house in front of which Bum finally stopped was even more dilapidated than the others. One shutter was gone, the other hung gaily on a solitary hinge, the bell was pulled out, and the door knob had vanished. There was a very dirty lace curtain at the window, through which Miss Lucy saw a large, fat face watching her. The next moment the door was opened, and she found herself overwhelmed by a large woman in a gaudy red wrapper and somehow pushed into a crooked little rocking chair in a dirty little parlor. Then Mrs. O'Reilly, fat and frowsy-headed, with the humorous blue eyes of her race, sank upon the sofa, the only remaining piece of furniture in the room.

"The hivens be praised!" she cried delightedly. "If I didn't seen ye coming down the street, and I was jest saying to meself as who's the handsome young lady, and thin I sez, 'If it ain't me own Jimmie along wid her!' and thin I knowed ye right away. 'The devil if it ain't Missis Loosey,' I sez, 'and me widout me corsets!'"

At the close of this dramatic recital Mrs. O'Reilly smoothed down her voluminous person apologetically, and then mechanically slapped at one of the three very small and very dirty children, apparently triplets, who had crawled out from somewhere and, as she talked, wriggled over her.

In spite of the flattery of this reception, Miss Lucy was untouched.

"I have come to tell you about James," she began severely.

"Don't ye say a word till ye 're good and rested," interrupted Mrs. O'Reilly thoughtfully. "Not that ye're looking a bit done up. Nobody 'd think ye was a school teacher, ye 're that fresh and young, jest like a girl, wid yer pretty hair."

This was Miss Lucy's most vulnerable point. She blushed from pleasure, and, finding it necessary to harden her heart, she tightened her hold upon the committal paper and broke in hastily upon Mrs. O'Reilly.

"I have come to tell you about James," she began again.

"Ain't it the devil about that boy?" Mrs. O'Reilly here inquired, with kindly enthusiasm. "He's that fond of ye he don't do nothing but talk about ye, and ivery cint he gite it's the same thing. I 'll git something for Missis Loosey" he sez. 'There ain't nothing too good for her, there ain't.'"

The ungrateful recipient of stale buns and chewing gum remembered these offerings guiltily, but with a heightened sense of the imperativeness of her duty.

"I am very fond of James, personally" she said, "but as a teacher-----"

"Oh, ye needn't tell me ye 'll be teaching long!" cried Mrs. O'Reilly, coquettishly rolling her eyes upon Miss Lucy. "Not wid yer pretty face. I know what ye'll be up to soon!"

At this delightful prophecy Miss Lucy found it necessary to rally all her moral forces. If these had failed, the memory of the untested chicken might yet have carried her through, but at this crucial point Mrs. O'Reilly suddenly arose, sliding the triplets gently to the floor.

"But what's the matter wid me?" she cried. "Letting ye set here wid yer throat that dry! Jimmie, ye devil, run and git me the picher quick. It'll freshen ye up a bit, and I won't mind a drop meself." As she spoke, Mrs. O'Reilly, taking the pitcher and putting on a dirty sunbonnet, hurried out. Miss Lucy, left alone, looked apprehensively at Bum.

"Where is she going?" she asked.

"Oh, it's jest to the corner," said Bum reassuringly.

"But—but—I don't like milk," said Miss Lucy.

"Milk?" echoed Bum, with a grin. "Who drinks milk? It's a picher of beer she's after fer ye."

At this Miss Lucy sank helplessly back in the chair, and in a few moments Mrs. O'Reilly returned. There was something in the pitcher with a foam on it, and, ignoring Miss Lucy's protests, she thrust a thick glass into her hand and filled it.

"There!" she exclaimed hospitably. "I couldn't be letting ye set there widout a little bit to wet yer throat."



Miss Lucy looked at the glass curiously. Her upbringing had been of the strictest, and never before had she been so near to anything more bibulous than lemonade.

"Oh, thank you," she murmured weakly, "but I'm afraid I cannot drink it"

This remonstrance, however, did not reach Mrs. O'Reilly, who was already engaged in refilling her own glass. Again Miss Lucy looked at the beer. She drew it a little nearer and smelt it. To completely refuse Mrs. O'Reilly's well meant hospitality would be unpardonably rude, and, besides, it smelt very nice. She looked guiltily around the room, but no warning figure of principal or superintendent was there to tell her that it was not wise for unseasoned and lunchless young teachers to look upon that which was amber. Before she knew it, with the many gulps and chokes of an amateur, she had emptied half the glass and was declining guiltily Mrs. O'Reilly's generous insistence to have—"jest a smack more."

"There ain't nothing like it," Mrs. O'Reilly declared in a voice that had grown even more suave and bland. "Jest let me git a few been in me, and it cheers me up fine."

To this Miss Lucy was unable to reply with other than a vague smile, for she was suddenly occupied in overcoming a feeling she had experienced once before upon the occasion of a Sunday school picnic, when a whirling razzle-dazzle had lured her too long. Also, to her surprise, the triplets had bewilderingly changed to a quartet

"Yis, as I'm telling ye," Mrs. O'Reilly rambled smoothly on, "there ain't nobody but ye fer me little Jimmie here. He jest loves ye."

Miss Lucy had given up trying to count the triplets, and a pleasant, heart-warming glow had begun to steal over her, melting her cold pedagogical severity. She smiled affectionately at Bum. What a dear little fellow he was, and how she would miss him!

"And there ain't no teecher up at the school like ye—not even the principal hisself," declared Mrs. O'Reilly unctuously.

At this unfortunate reference Miss Lucy made a herculean attempt to regain her scholastic dignity and her vanished wrath. She looked at the committal paper and at her untasted lunch.

"I want to tell you about James," she began again desperately, only to find that the mathematical effort to reduce the triplets to their proper trinity had resulted in a mental confusion, and she could not remember any of the carefully rehearsed list of Bum's misdeeds.

In the meantime Mrs. O'Reilly had grown suddenly lachrymose. "But it ain't long he'll be having ye," she sniffed. "It ain't long ye'll be teaching, fer ye'll be gitting a beau any day and gitting married, ye will."

Under ordinary circumstances this prospect would have cheered Kiss Lucy up wonderfully, but she at once became sympathetically sad.

"I will never leave James," she declared faithfully. "He is the best boy in my class, and I love to teach him."

At this declaration Mrs. O'Reilly dissolved completely into tears and wept promiscuously and copiously upon the triplets.

"He's the son of me heart," she wept, "and me nothing but a poor widdy."

At this announcement Miss Lucy was surprised, as she had a recent recollection of Mr. O'Reilly, the red-headed and healthy driver of a garbage cart, and she did not know that the killing off of her spouse was Mrs. O'Reilly's usual course when, to use her own phrase, she had a "few beers in her." On this occasion she was so overcome with the pathos of her sudden widowhood that Miss Lucy thought it was time to go home. A few minutes later she found herself walking up the street with a memory of Mrs. O'Reilly's affectionate and damply greasy farewell, and a last triumphant effort to count the triplets, who had again returned to their original number.

"What was the matter with me?" she murmured to herself. She had forgotten her cherished lunch, but she still grasped the committal paper. She opened it wonderingly, and the cold legality of its terms rose up and stood accusingly before her.

"How did it ever happen?" she wondered. "And what in the world was the matter with those children, anyhow?"

The next morning the principal came into her room.  
"Well, how about the case of O'Reilly?" he asked.

" Oh," said Miss Lucy shamelessly, already a promising disciple of Mrs. O'Reilly's art, "when I thought it over I decided—as I find I generally do decide—that your advice was, as it always is, best. I'm going to give him another chance."

Man-like, the principal was secretly greatly flattered at this speech, but, to conceal his pleasure, " The changeable feminine! " he remarked with a smile that he vainly tried to make cynical.

## BUM O'REILLY AT THE BAT

*"Missus loosey plez Excuse jimmy he had two mine the baby wot was sic missis oreilly."*

Thus wrote Mrs. O'Reilly after one of Bum's frequent absences. Having read the note and smiled at it's queer spelling, Miss Lucy dropped it in the waste basket"

"It's his stummik" he explained sadly, "He's that dillicit in his stummik."

"I'm sorry- " began Miss Lucy, when something familiar in the note caught her eye. Over Mrs. O'Reilly's modest signature was a large blot.

"James," said Miss Lucy pained at this proof of her favorite's perfidy, "don't tell me it's his "stummik". You've been hooking."

A fiery color ran over Bum's freckled face, losing itself in his red hair; for a moment he hung his head, abashed.

"You might as well tell me what it is." said Miss Lucy, severely. "It's too late for hooky, and too early for hoodies and swimming."

"It's the match game, miss," explained Bum eagerly. "We're the Oriole Amerchers, and we're playing agin the Southport Stars. We each got two, and we're goin to play one more, And it's goin to be a winner." he finished enthusiastically. In spite of herself Miss Lucy's sternness relaxed.

"And what do you play?" she inquired with elaborate indifference.

"Pitcher," said Bum proudly, "I'm the youngest feller on the team and I can't bat wuth nothing, but I got speed alright."

"They ain't got no kind of pitcher", Bum continued, vain gloriously. "He's Soapy Jones and he jest come out of the House o' Refuse, and he's all out of practice. I ain't afraid of him."

"Why, James! Do you associate with such boys?" exclaimed Miss Lucy snobbishly.

"He's a purty good fighter, though," Bum conceded fairly. "He gave me this" - touching carefully a swollen eye. He had previously explained the largeness of this organ by the circumstances of collision with a door while running for the "dillikit" baby's medicine.

"What?" exclaimed Miss Lucy, "Was it a fight?"

"We allus have one" said Bum calmly. "When we all git through we all has a fight. That ain't nothing."

"I am very much grieved at your conduct" Miss Lucy said, with a sudden return to a sense of pedagogical duty, "and I hope it will never occur again" neglecting to specify hooky or fighting.

"But miss- "began Bum.

"If it does, you will be reported," said Miss Lucy, with a finality all the more severe because of her secret sympathy.

In spite of this threat she was not surprised on the next Thursday to see Bum's seat vacant. She unrelentingly made out a report of the case and inserted it in the truancy file, to be investigated the next morning. Then, having pulled the last struggling member of Class A into his coat, she went out.

Class A had been unusually good that day, the air was soothing and balmy, and Miss Lucy had on her new spring suit, a delicate and becoming shade of gray. For these several reasons she felt particularly it ease with the world as she wandered aimlessly along. Not noticing her direction she suddenly found herself in a queer region of half built louses, odorous dumps and freight sidings. In getting round one of he dumps she suddenly came across a couple of old freight cars sidetracked near an empty lot. On top of the cars was seated a miscellaneous crowd devotees of the railroad ties and the wander life, tagged youngsters, and a few callow and cigarette smoking youths, among the crowd she saw three of the O'Reilly clan, Patrick, aged nine; Aloysius, eight, and Leo, six. She also noticed that each was grasping several large

stones, filled with curiosity, she tiptoed cautiously up behind the cars, and, mindful of tar and grease, slipped gingerly into the narrow space between. Leaning over the coupling bar, she peered out upon the lot. There in the middle of a rather grassy diamond she saw a certain unmistakable red head, and by that laming token Miss Lucy knew that chance had brought her to witness the last great game of the series between the Oriole Amerchers and the Southport Stars.

From her position beside the coupling bar she could look out over the lot, and she soon saw that it was evidently another case of bribery in high judicial circles, for the umpire, whom she recognized as Sleepy McGinnian, for three years the scourge and despair of the principal's life, had undoubtedly sold his soul and was giving shamelessly wrong decisions.

Miss Lucy had come upon the scene just in time to see one of Bum's finest curves, and, her heart warming with pride in her condemned truant, she cautiously joined in the applause from the top of the car.

"He's all right!" she exclaimed proudly.

"You bet he is" answered a voice at hand. "Jest git next to his speed" and Miss Lucy, looking up, found herself about a foot away from Tom a face sticking detachedly over the side of the car. It was Aloysius O'Reilly, second younger brother of Bum, and he was evidently lying stretched out on top of the car, from which position he was viewing Miss Lucy with a great deal of interest.

"Come on up," He continued with a hospitable grin. "I'll git one of the fellers and he'll put ye up."

"Oh no, thank you," cried Miss Lucy hastily. "I like it better down here. Just tell me what the score is." "It's six to eight for the other fellers," Aloysius said savagely, "And we're going to hit his face in when it gits through. All our gangs got stones" Then he straightened up and disappeared for a minute only to send down against a friendly warning: "Ye'll git mixed up in the fight down there. Ye better come up."

Refusing this advice, Miss Lucy turned her attention to the field. Caught in the intricacies of the Oriole Amerchers' star twirler, she saw two of the Southport batters "fan out" and the next man going out at first quickly concluded the first half of eighth inning.

Then the last half begun. A grudgingly given base on balls, a stolen base, a clever bunt, and the short-stop's error, gave one run to the Oriole Amerchers. By unfair umpiring three men were then put out, and, amid wild bursts of excited profanity from the top of the reight, the eighth inning ended with the score raised seven to eight.

Miss Lucy, her new spring dress forgotten, had squeezed herself as far forward over the coupling bar as possible. From this perch she saw the three batters from the Southport Stars put out on three clean caught and incontestable flies, and waving her really literary copybook in the air, she joined her cheers to those from the top of the car.

"I can never keep him in again," she chuckled shamelessly, "and I'll give him the first seat tomorrow. I'd like to put him up in the second grade at once, even if he can't read. He knows how to play jail, all right."

Rejoicing in this adoption of Bum's slang, she steadied herself upon the bar and waited in strained suspense for the outcome of the deciding half-inning. With despair she saw the first boy of the Oriole Amerchers "fan out" the second, an ex-member of Class A, hit out a "two bagger" and Miss Lucy mentally and humbly apologized for the sundry "keep-ins," and "stand in the corners" of his primer days.

The third batter advanced him one more base, and then, with a sinking heart worse than that ever caused by the Critic teacher's most censorious disapproval, Miss Lucy saw Bum O'Reilly take his place at the bat. She realised that on him hung all the hope of the Oriole Amerchers. "And he can't bat wuth nothin" she quoted dejectedly, "He'll go right out."

It was evident, however, that the Celtic blood of the O'Reilly's had responded to the cry of forlorn hope, and that Bum was going to make a brave try at the curves of the pugnacious Soapy, late of the House of Refuge. The boy on third, with one toe on the bag was leaning eagerly toward home. With a preliminary twirl the ball came, and Bum, thrusting forward his bat, bunted skilfully towards second. The ball passed the pitcher but was fielded by the short stop. In the meantime Bum had been dashing madly towards first. As the ball neared the outstretched hands of the first baseman, a roar came from the top of the car, in which the shriek of Miss Lucy joined. "Slide! Slide! Slide!" yelled the rooters.

With the gallant Irish abandon of self in a high cause, Bum, obediently put the greater part of his face on the ground and slid on it clear and safe between the legs of the first baseman

Then Miss Lucy, throwing her really literary copy-book up in the air, and in her joy jumping all the way over the coupling bar, rooted with an enthusiasm rivalling the most zealous adherent of the Oriole Amerchers - until suddenly above the voice of the tumult she heard the voice of the umpire:

"Out at first." between the Oriole Amerchers and the Southport Stars was ended with a score of seven to eight in favour of Southport.

The next morning she got to school very early, before the other teachers had come. She went straight to the Truant Officer's file and removed the record of a certain case of truancy against one, "James O'Reilly"

A little later, when Bum came in with what he described as " a banged up phiz" he was greeted by a pleasant teacher from whose mind all remembrance of the day before seemed to have obligingly faded.

"We changed seats yesterday, James," she told him, "and as you have been working very hard lately I have kept the first seat for you."

The star pitcher of the Oriole Amerchers grinned gratefully, and for just the fraction of a minute a look of mental understanding and condolence passed between him and Miss Lucy.

"Thank ye, miss," he said politely.

## A DOLL "MID CLOTHES"

*"Piece of earth,  
Good Will two men,  
Sang thangel,  
Sore again"*

Thus cherubically but sadly chorused the blond Frederick William. The occasion was the last day of school before the Christmas holidays, and the cause of Frederick William's sadness was a certain bag, containing three anise-seed cakes, that lay upon Miss Lucy's desk. In a rash moment he had proffered the cakes — minus only one small nibble — and they were gratefully accepted and placed with the fifty-eight other tokens of Class A's regard. Immediately upon this act Frederick William had been overwhelmed by the dreadful regret that only the stingy can know, and even as he sang he was debating with watering mouth the possibility of staying after school and getting back the cakes.

The carol was the final number of Class A's Christmas entertainment, which had been an unusually successful one. The diffused Christmas spirit that had loosened the heart-strings of Frederick had softened even Anna Karenina, and she had emerged for the time from the anarchical gloom that generally surrounded her. A real Christmas tree stood in one corner, and Miss Lucy, who fondly believed in her artistic capabilities, had drawn upon the board a Santa Claus whose anatomical proportions, owing to a difficulty over his arms and legs, were somewhat out of gear. Like many a better artist, however, she had cleverly concealed this weakness in line beneath a brilliant combination of shading, so that Santa Claus's complexion glowed like a Turner landscape.

In these auspicious surroundings the histrionic ability of Class A had blossomed forth. In his best manner Bum O'Reilly had sung a disreputable ditty chronicling the bibulous escapades of a certain "Charley Bock"; Sophie Bauerschmidt, whose sister, as she told Miss Lucy, was an "elocutioner," rendered "Curfew"; and Herman Bureachy, who belonged to the Newsboys' Brigade, gave the twisted petition:

Turkeys is here.  
Christmas are fat.  
Please drop a nickel  
in the newsboy's hat.

The only interruption of the day had been a slight mishap to Sophie. Although the weather was of a seasonable coldness, she had worn a pair of white slippers as holiday attire. When she got to school she promptly took them off and put them carefully in her desk, while she sat in her stocking feet, the envied of all the other little girls. In the middle of the entertainment Miss Lucy, investigating a wail from Sophie, found that one of her slippers had fallen to the floor, and Anna Karenina, evidently the victim of an overpowering feminine spite, had immediately and venomously spit upon it. However, by means of a little skilfully applied chalk and diplomacy things were smoothed over, and Christmas peace was again restored.

At last the most interesting part of the programme came—the distribution of the candy that it was the school's custom to give to each of its scholars. With infinite pains and a quantity of red flannel and raw cotton, Miss Lucy had dressed up one of the higher-grade boys, and as the patron saint of the season he was at first accepted with universal breathlessness. Toward the end of the distribution Miss Lucy heard the loud and disdainful tones of Anna.

"Id's a lie" she declared sceptically. "Thad ain'd no Sanda Glaus. Id's Josef Valinsky. He ain'd god no teeth in the frond, and I knows him."

At this disclosure, Miss Lucy, who had overlooked this telltale absence of two of Josef's teeth, hastily hustled him out of the room. In departing he turned and, forgetting his jovial character, shook his fist at Anna.

"Wait till I git a holt of you," he cried revengefully.

"He fell out of his sleigh, children," Miss Lucy explained to the class. "If it wasn't Christmas, Anna," she continued vexedly, "I'd stand you in the corner for talking out from your seat"

Then the bell rang, and all save a few choice spirits departed, already sticky and entirely happy, and Miss Lucy was left to a helpless contemplation of the fifty-nine presents piled upon her desk. There were three strings of beads, two of last year's calendars, seven scratchy handkerchiefs, and ten cups and saucers of dreadful design and color, from the purely ornamental kind that, as Sophie explained, "you sets on your mantel," to a large mustache cup with a gilt lettered "Father" upon it. Sophie had brought a picture of herself. "It's my tin-tag" she told Miss Lucy, "and my mother says that it ain't so gut, so I can gif you one" Rosa Bureschy gave a heart-shaped and mottoed pepper-mint; Otto Dietrick, whose father's business, owing to the inducement of "a hot sausage with every drink," was a thriving one, and who was therefore the bloated capitalist of the class, had contributed a bottle of wine. Even the weak-minded Josef Bureschy, whose mother worked in a sweat-shop, had brought a particularly shiny and much loved "west button." Miss Lucy counted them all, down to the nibbled seed-cake of the unhappy Frederick William. Fifty-nine, and Class A's roll numbered sixty. She glanced back to where on the outskirts of the group that surrounded her lingered her sixtieth scholar. Anna Karenina, even dirtier than usual, stood with a sullenness that was both wistful and unapproachable, and gazed at something with a gaze of hopeless, agonized longing. Following the look, Miss Lucy saw that it rested upon a large, flaxen-haired doll clad in pink silk that Marie Schaefer had brought.

In all Anna's neglected childhood she had never had but one doll. It was the gift of a charitably inclined lady whose fad was slumming, and, with her usual overwhelming intensity of emotion, Anna had bestowed upon it an almost savage outpouring of mother love. The gutters and gangs of her street life knew her no more, for she now preferred to sit on the floor in the corner of the dirty room and nurse the doll. When not guarding her treasure, she wrapped it up in a greasy newspaper and hid it under the bed. One luckless day the silkiness of its trappings caught the frivolous eye of Mrs. Karenina, and when Anna came home from school the beloved doll was lying, a poor, naked creature, upon the floor. Another child would have sensibly clothed the denuded body in a ragged makeshift, but the outrage was too much for Anna's mould. She took the doll and beat it upon the floor. It was not until it was completely destroyed that she flung herself down beside the ruin and cried. Since then the lady had gained a new fad, and Anna's days were doll-less.

There was so much of forlornness in the child's attitude as she stood and looked at the more fortunate Marie that Miss Lucy was tempted to brave the rebuff that always met her advances to Anna.

"Do you like dolls, Anna?" she began timidly.

"No, miz, I hade them," said Anna savagely. "I god a lod home, bud I hade them."

" Miz, she's telling lies! " cried Sophie indignantly. " She ain't got none. I got a doll mit clothes," she finished, with a challenging glance at Marie.

" I god a led," Anna repeated sullenly, " mid clothes." Then she stuck out her tongue in a wicked face that included Marie, Sophie, and even Miss Lucy. When you have no white slippers and no dolls it is a dreadful thing to have flouted in your face the finery and the china-eyed children of others.

"Oh, Anna" said Miss Lucy, "you mustn't make faces. Come and see all the pretty things."

" They ain'd nothin'," said Anna scoffingly. " My mother's god a bink well." If Miss Lucy had but known it, this same pink veil, which was the most beautiful thing Anna knew, had been privately destined by her for Miss Lucy's present. That morning she had calmly stolen it, only to be prematurely discovered and beaten.

"Miz, she nefer brung you nothin'," Sophie went on, with the superiority of the " not so gut tin-tag," " and her mother ain't no gut, my mother says."

" She's god a bink weil," said Anna valiantly. "Und you shud ub. I god a doll mid clothes."

" Well, but would n't you like another ? " asked Miss Lucy. There was some belated shopping to be done the next day, and in the after-noon the distribution to the "Empty Stockings," but the thought of Anna's evidently doll-less existence was not a pleasant one. Perhaps ----

Here she was interrupted by Sophie.

" Miz, look !" she cried, pointing accusingly at Frederick William. " He's eating the present wot he gif you!"

Miss Lucy looked at Frederick William, around whose mouth was a suspicious crumbiness, and, noting the disappearance of the bag of aniseseed cakes, she knew that the heart of Frederick had been comforted, and the number of her presents reduced to fifty-eight. This incident and the problem of packing the numerous pieces of bric-a-brac into the basket provided by the janitor occupied Miss Lucy until, acutely conscious of much clatter, a smiling conductor, and a bottle of wine sticking rakishly out of the basket, she got on the car and waved a farewell to the little group upon the pavement.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and Miss Lucy, sitting in her room as the short winter afternoon was changing to dark, surveyed the gifts of Class A helplessly, and wondered if her Celtic washer-woman would accept the ten cups and saucers, along with the bottle of wine. Miss Lucy's own gifts, artistically tied with holly ribbon, also lay before her, and there was one box in which was a wonderful doll destined for a pampered niece, who was already the mother of six. As Miss Lucy's eyes fell upon the doll, she thought remorsefully of Anna. She had forgotten all about her! She had been so busy, and then all afternoon she had been at the Empty Stocking Fillers, her pet charity. Surely when, in spite of new shoes that vanity has caused to be too small, you have stood for three hours and helped to distribute substantial cheer to a thousand or more children, you can be excused for a single oversight. Besides, the Bureschys were Miss Lucy's especial charge. Lizzie Bureschy was such a pretty, affectionate little thing, and Anna was so ugly and ungrateful.

" ' But she nefer gits nothing' " Miss Lucy repeated. " I wish I had remembered; but perhaps she was there this afternoon, and it's so nice and warm and comfortable here—and those shoes ----

Here Miss Lucy, luxuriously toasting her slippered feet, leaned back lazily. Then she got up and, pulling the curtain aside, looked out into the empty street. The electric lights shone blue and cold. In the distance she could hear faintly the toot of an occasional Christmas horn. A very light snow had fallen in the morning, but a sharp wind had swept it away. With the night a still cold had fallen, and the gutters were frozen hard. How good it was to be in a warm room! Just then

Miss Lucy caught sight of a little shadow across the street that as it came into the light revealed a pink fascinator and a ragged stocking.

"Why, it's Anna Karenina!" cried Miss Lucy. "What in the world ----

"The next minute she was flying down to the door.

Anna Karenina stood on the steps, and in her hand was a bundle wrapped in greasy newspaper. As Miss Lucy opened the door she thrust it disdainfully into her hand.

" Id 's for you—id's a Gristmus bresend," she said rapidly. " I don'd wand id. Id ain 'd nothin' . "

" Oh, Anna, wait!" cried Miss Lucy, running down the steps after her. Anna paused for a moment upon the lowest step.

" Id's a doll mid clothes," she said thickly, twisting one ragged leg around the other in a very agony of renunciation, " und id's god a bink dress—but id ain'd nothin'. I god a lod."

Then she vanished down the street

Miss Lucy ran to the corner, but the pink fascinator was already lost in the shadows. She returned and, sitting down upon the step, she unrolled the newspaper. Inside was a small white net stocking edged with red worsted, that she recognized as one of those given out that afternoon by the "Empty Stockings." In the stocking was the usual toy—a flaxen-haired doll " mid clothes."

A few minutes later Miss Lucy, struggling into her coat, met the astonished "Where?" of her family.

" I 'm a selfish wretch," she explained, jabbing her hat-pin viciously in place, " and it's going to have a pink dress, and it's eyes will shut, and when you poke it in the stomach it will say ' ba,'" she finished, as she slammed the door.

And that was how it came about that Anna Karenina that Christmas came into possession of a doll " mid clothes."

## WHEN MISS LUCY HAD THE MEASLES.

In spite of her position as wage-earner for the family, Lizzie Bureschy had not yet done with childish things, and was sick with the measles. Miss Lucy stayed with her one afternoon in the close room—and the next day Class A was in the hands of a substitute. Miss Lucy, though grieving that, since she had to catch something, it was not some interestingly pedagogical disease like brain-fag or nervous prostration, consoled herself with the reflection that it might have been the mumps, and so settled down to her enforced holiday with resignation.

Not so, however, was the spirit of Class A. The substitute was of the rank of teachers whose pride is that they are disciplinarians, and, besides, never having had the baby class, she did not understand all those little vagaries that are but evidences of the struggling intellect. No one was allowed to stay in after school to give careful assistance; boards were uncleaned, pencils unsharpened, and the "gee-ranum"—cherished Nature Study blossom of the whole class—faded neglectedly away. For an innocent witticism Bum O'Reilly was sent to the principal, charged with the sin of impertinence; Sophie Bauerschmidt was kept in every day for talking; Anna Karenina had been hooking every afternoon; and as for Frederick William, he hated the substitute with a hatred unusual to his peaceful little nature—this hatred being engendered upon the occasion when he was caught nibbling at a luscious bun. The substitute, unlike Miss Lucy, whose removals were only temporary, had thrown the bun into the waste-basket.

"She is dead," declared Anna Karenina gloomily. "I seen her, she god run ofer mid a beer-wagon, und she aind nefer goming back."

" Aw, git de hook," said Bum skeptically. "Wot yer lying fer?"

"I aind," said Anna hotly; "and I seen her funeral, they was a grape und den hacks."

Having thus uttered her account of the splendors of Miss Lucy's obituaries, Anna fell to reflectively spreading her bare toes dam-like across the gutter. The three, Anna, Sophie, and Bum, were sitting on the curb-stone in front of the school, where they had met to dittoes the disappearance of Miss Lucy.

In spite of these convincing details, the other two were doubting. " Maybe her and her beau is going to git married/' suggested Sophie, " and maybe then she won't be a teacher no more."

"No," said Bum thoughtfully; "when you git married you don't do nothin' but jest tend babies and live off yer man—unless," he added, with a bitter experience, "he 'e & a guzzler and you got to take in washin'." Having thus epitomized the chief pleasures and trials of matrimony in general, Bum fell to considering the case of Miss Lucy. He remembered the prophecy of his mother that Miss Lucy was not long for Class A, but he also remembered the teacher's fervent avowal of faithfulness. It might not be too late to dissuade her. As the result

of much discussion in this direction, a letter was laboriously written upon a piece of brown paper.

*"missis loosey [it went] plea do not git marriid we will lern awl the time the geranum is ded we will wash our ers"*

This letter was placed in an envelope, addressed briefly to "missis loosey," and posted.

"She 'll like the ears part," explained the tactful Bum hopefully. "She allus was fussin' about yer ears."

Having despatched this diplomatic plea, Class A waited in a suspense made almost unbearable by the substitute, and when at the end of the week it was apparent that their appeal had not moved Miss Lucy, a change of tactics was decided upon.

"It's Mister Schmidt she's marrying mit," Sophie declared. "He's her beau. I seen her talking mit him oncet, and I know he's her beau."

Therefore Mr. Schmidt, the janitor, a much married German and the respectable father of ten, was approached. He, janitor-like, was found in the yard reading the paper, an industrious broom beside him in case of the sudden appearance of the principal. To him was made the request to abstain from marriage with Miss Lucy. At first he was stolidly bewildered, then at its repetition, accompanied by the offer of a bribe of three cents, eleven tintags, and a pretzel, the united and respective possessions of Anna, Bum, and Sophie, his amazement changed to alarm. He had always been a little suspicious of Miss Lucy, whose sprightly methods of education were an enigma to him, and this disapproval had been greatly increased when, in accordance with the demands of the Nature Work, he had once caught her flying around the room after the manner and with the melodious call of the crow. As his mind grasped the nature of the demands of the three, he saw his domestic peace threatened by what was evidently a well-laid plot, and, seizing the near-by broom, he promptly chased the children to the street. There, relieved of pursuit, they again sat gloomily upon the curbstone. Even Bum O'Reilly's usual optimism was obscured, he having in the flight lost five of his cherished tintags.

After much debate it was decided that a mistake had been made in the personality of the object of Miss Lucy's affections. Undoubtedly it was the principal. But the only way in which an interview with him might be obtained was through unusual depravity. Therefore it was agreed that on the next afternoon each member of the committee was to offend in such dire manner that trial by the supreme power would be necessary. This was an easy matter for Anna Karenina. When she appeared, for the first time in three days, the substitute asked her name and then consulted the roll book severely.

"Where have you been?" she asked suspiciously.

Anna regarded her silently.

"Little girl, answer me/" repeated the substitute. "What have you been doing?"

"Bie-faze," remarked Anna briefly, "whad you think?" and was immediately appointed to be cast out.

Equally fortunate was Bum, whose manner of offending was the sticking of a wet piece of putty down Frederick William's back; but it was not until after school that Sophie, who had secured only an ordinary "keep-in" for talking, lay down upon the floor and kicked her fat little legs violently, thereby accomplishing her ejection.

So it came about that when the dismissal bell rang and the rest of Class A had departed, the three offenders were arrayed in the hall and, guided by the stern finger of the substitute, were started upon their timid journey up the long hall toward the principal's room.

The principal was a nervous bachelor, whose single state, precariously maintained among so many of the alluring sex, was a thing precious above all price. As it happened, his room had been selected that afternoon for a meeting of the Normal Extension Course of Applied Psychology, a course open only to the most distinguished among the profession. The principal was justly proud of his recent enrolment in this class, and that afternoon the attendance was one of especial importance, a supervisor and two critic teachers having been invited to discuss things scholastic. By the time Class A had gotten into its trappings and the three offenders had started up the hall, the meeting had assembled and had settled down with unctuous dignity to the consideration of the science of education. Upon this august body suddenly the door opened and the principal saw the greasy face of Anna Karenina peering in.



" You can't come in now," he said abruptly, but with the enforced gentleness of one who speaks in the presence of his supervisor. Then he walked down to the hesitating Anna.

" Get out," he said in subdued but forcible tones. " Get out."

The trio wavered at this command, but just then one of the critic teachers, spying an opportunity of displaying her admirable manner in dealing with children, smiled gaily at Sophie and waved her hand encouragingly.

" What is it, dear?" she queried.

Thus encouraged, the children advanced into the room, where they stood, a ragged and dirty but dauntless three.

Sophie was always quick to respond to any pleasantness.

"He's going to git married" she announced conversationally, pointing to the principal, who turned pale. A frivolous member giggled. This announcement of the notoriously elusive principal's intentions was amusing.

" It's Miz Luzy," said Anna, " und we god a bie-face subsdude."

"But we thought maybe he'd git some one else/" Bum suggested artfully. " We want Miss Lucy, and she\*s got red hair anyhow, and we thought maybe he 'd change."

" Maybe you could git him " said the match-making Sophie, with a sidle toward her friend, the critic teacher.

The critic teacher's lack of aversion to matrimony was proverbial, and at this suggestion the principal, with a baleful light in his eye, bore down upon the three, and, in spite of their appealing glances toward the ungrateful critic teacher, they were somehow got rid of. When they reached the street bitter despair at their third futile attempt once more settled upon them. In the exuberance of his grief Bum threw his remaining tintags into the gutter, and Anna relieved herself by slapping Sophie's face vigorously and pulling her hair; whereupon Sophie wept saltily upon her useless pretzel.

There was only one course left—direct appeal. The next afternoon the self-appointed committee started out upon a search for Miss Lucy. During the afternoon the object of the expedition got noised about, and when the committee started it found itself increased by a good half-dozen. Among these additions was Frederick William, who was urged not so much by any unusual devotion to Miss Lucy, as he was goaded by the bitter thought of the forfeited bun. Bum had insisted that every member of the thus-augmented committee should have one requirement to eligibility, and that was the washing of his ears, a condition that all save Anna Karenina willingly complied with. But in spite of this rule it was a queer-looking little company that started out upon the search, for it was upon the raggedest and the dirtiest of Class A's little members that the iron hand of the substitute seemed to have fallen most heavily.

The faith of this little regiment in the finding and ultimate redemption of Miss Lucy was strong, but the way was devious, and the legs of Sophie and of Frederick William were short and fat. Then Anna Karenina, the only one who knew the way, was lured a little aside by the distant gong of a fire engine and made a wrong turn. About six o'clock it began to rain, a cold drizzle. At last the tired children wandered into a street of the very rich, and there finally huddled on the lowest step of one of the high white fronts. They were found there by a policeman, who, wofully ignorant of the whereabouts of Missis Loosey, insisted on taking them all to the station-house. Here, however, there was a kind matron, whose speedy providing against immediate starvation was very acceptable to Frederick William and stopped even Sophie's frightened sniffles. Then there was a bench in the corner where it was agreeably warm and where you could get dry and go quite comfortably to sleep until such time as you were awakened by much clamor and amid cries of "*Ach du lieber!*" " The hivins be praised !" and others equally eloquent, you were restored with gratifying emotion to the bosom of your bereaved family.

In the largeness of her heart at the restoration of her "Jimmie," the whole-hearted Mrs. O'Reilly enfolded the police captain in her capacious arms and planted a resounding smack upon his protesting countenance. Then, after much and loud rejoicing, Anna Earenina, who had viewed these demonstrations with the disdain of one whose mother neither knew nor cared where she might spend her nights, was taken in care by the Bauerschmidts, and the station-house, save for a lingering blush upon the face of the captain, returned to its normal state, and the search for Miss Lucy was over.

Fortunately, the next day Miss Lucy returned to her place, and the rule of the substitute was at an end. Miss Lucy herself was unusually sweet-tempered, for had she not been greeted by the principal with a degree of warmth unusual and most gratifying to her pedagogical pride?

"He is realizing my true teaching capabilities," thought Miss Lucy, with vanity; "I am growing indispensable to the system."

## THE CHILD OF A WIDOW

"I LUF you, Miz Teacher, I luf you !" cried Lizzie Bureschy, first and oldest of the eight Bureschys. "I knows you is old, and you ain't my mother, but I luf you" Having thus declared her affection, she seized Miss Lucy's hand and kissed it.

Ten-year-old Lizzie had come to Miss Lucy—who was already struggling with the vacant Josef and Herman Bureschy—at the middle of the school year, when a newly enacted education law had freed the child from the charge of the continuous Bureschy baby. From that time she had grown to be the best beloved of all Miss Lucy's scholars; "Miss Lucy's angel child" she had once been called derisively by one of the teachers, and, although she was only a very human and child-like little girl, the name somehow clung.

As a rule, insufficient nourishment is not a promoter of beauty, so the countenances of Class A were usually of an ill-nourished and un-healthy ugliness. In the midst of this dearth of beauty the delicate loveliness of Lizzie Bureschy blossomed with a fineness that Miss Lucy, knowing of what stock the little maid came, found a constant wonder and delight. When Anna Karenina was especially wicked, and when the light that illumined Frederick William's mind was most showily exceeded by the shine on the end of his nose, she turned with relief to the sweet-tempered and responsive Lizzie.

Having kissed Miss Lucy's hand, Lizzie laid in it what looked like a lump of soft blacking, but in which an experienced eye would recognize as a licorice "sucker."

"I haf it for you all day in my hand," explained Lizzie, "so Josef could not lick it, and it is soft."

It was the decision of Sleepy, and the championship game between the Oriole Amerchers and the Southport Stars was ended with a score of seven to eight in favour of Southport.

The next morning she got to school very early, before the other teachers had come. She went straight to the Truant Officer's file and removed the record of a certain case of truancy against one, "James O'Reilly"

A little later, when Bum came in with what he described as "a banged up phiz" he was greeted by a pleasant teacher from whose mind all remembrance of the day before seemed to have obligingly faded.

"We changed seats yesterday, James," she told him, "and as you have been working very hard lately I have kept the first seat for you."

The star pitcher of the Oriole Amerchers grinned gratefully, and for just the fraction of a minute a look of mental understanding and condolence passed between him and Miss Lucy.

"Thank ye, miss," he said politely.

A DOLL "MID CLOTHES"

*"Piece of earth,  
Good Will two men,  
Sang thangel,  
Sore again"*

Thus cherubically but sadly chorused the blond Frederick William. The occasion was the last day of school before the Christmas holidays, and the cause of Frederick William's sadness was a certain bag, containing three anise-seed cakes, that lay upon Miss Lucy's desk. In a rash moment he had proffered the cakes — minus only one small nibble — and they were gratefully accepted and placed with the fifty-eight other tokens of Class A's regard. Immediately upon this act Frederick William had been overwhelmed by the dreadful regret that only the stingy can know, and even as he sang he was debating with watering mouth the possibility of staying after school and getting back the cakes.

The carol was the final number of Class A's Christmas entertainment, which had been an unusually successful one. The diffused Christmas spirit that had loosened the heart-strings of Frederick had softened even Anna Karenina, and she had emerged for the time from the anarchical gloom that generally surrounded her. A real Christmas tree stood in one corner, and Miss Lucy, who fondly believed in her artistic capabilities, had drawn upon the board a Santa Claus whose anatomical proportions, owing to a difficulty over his arms and legs, were somewhat out of gear. Like many a better artist, however, she had cleverly concealed this weakness in line beneath a brilliant combination of shading, so that Santa Claus's complexion glowed like a Turner landscape.

In these auspicious surroundings the histrionic ability of Class A had blossomed forth. In his best manner Bum O'Reilly had sung a disreputable ditty chronicling the bibulous escapades of a certain "Charley Bock"; Sophie Bauerschmidt, whose sister, as she told Miss Lucy, was an "elocutioner," rendered "Curfew"; and Herman Bureachy, who belonged to the Newsboys' Brigade, gave the twisted petition:

Turkeys is here.  
Christmas are fat.  
Please drop a nickel  
in the newsboy's hat.

The only interruption of the day had been a slight mishap to Sophie. Although the weather was of a seasonable coldness, she had worn a pair of white slippers as holiday attire. When she got to school she promptly took them off! and put them carefully in her desk, while she sat in her stocking feet, the envied of all the other little girls. In the middle of the entertainment Miss Lucy, investigating a wail from Sophie, found that one of her slippers had fallen to the floor, and Anna Karenina, evidently the victim of an overpowering feminine spite, had immediately and venomously spit upon it. However, by means of a little skilfully applied chalk and diplomacy things were smoothed over, and Christmas peace was again restored.

At last the most interesting part of the programme came—the distribution of the candy that it was the school's custom to give to each of its scholars. With infinite pains and a quantity of red flannel and raw cotton, Miss Lucy had dressed up one of the higher-grade boys, and as the patron saint of the season he was at first accepted with universal breathlessness. Toward the end of the distribution Miss Lucy heard the loud and disdainful tones of Anna.

"Id's a lie" she declared sceptically. "Thad ain'd no Sanda Glaus. Id's Josef Valinsky. He ain'd god no teeth in the frond, and I knows him."

At this disclosure, Miss Lucy, who had overlooked this telltale absence of two of Josef's teeth, hastily hustled him out of the room. In departing he turned and, forgetting his jovial character, shook his fist at Anna.

"Wait till I git a holt of you," he cried revengefully.

"He fell out of his sleigh, children," Miss Lucy explained to the class. "If it wasn't Christmas, Anna," she continued vexedly, "I'd stand you in the corner for talking out from your seat"

Then the bell rang, and all save a few choice spirits departed, already sticky and entirely happy, and Miss Lucy was left to a helpless contemplation of the fifty-nine presents piled upon her desk. There were three strings of beads, two of last year's calendars, seven scratchy

handkerchiefs, and ten cups and saucers of dreadful design and color, from the purely ornamental kind that, as Sophie explained, "you sets on your mantel," to a large mustache cup with a gilt lettered "Father" upon it. Sophie had brought a picture of herself. "It's my tin-tag," she told Miss Lucy, "and my mother says that it ain't so gut, so I can gif you one" Rosa Bureschy gave a heart-shaped and mottoed pepper-mint; Otto Dietrick, whose father's business, owing to the inducement of "a hot sausage with every drink," was a thriving one, and who was therefore the bloated capitalist of the class, had contributed a bottle of wine. Even the weak-minded Josef Bureschy, whose mother worked in a sweat-shop, had brought a particularly shiny and much loved "west button." Miss Lucy counted them all, down to the nibbled seed-cake of the unhappy Frederick William. Fifty-nine, and Class A's roll numbered sixty. She glanced back to where on the outskirts of the group that surrounded her lingered her sixtieth scholar. Anna Karenina, even dirtier than usual, stood with a sullenness that was both wistful and unapproachable, and gazed at something with a gaze of hopeless, agonized longing. Following the look, Miss Lucy saw that it rested upon a large, flaxen-haired doll clad in pink silk that Marie Schaefer had brought.

In all Anna's neglected childhood she had never had but one doll. It was the gift of a charitably inclined lady whose fad was slumming, and, with her usual overwhelming intensity of emotion, Anna had bestowed upon it an almost savage outpouring of mother love. The gutters and gangs of her street life knew her no more, for she now preferred to sit on the floor in the corner of the dirty room and nurse the doll. When not guarding her treasure, she wrapped it up in a greasy newspaper and hid it under the bed. One luckless day the silkiness of its trappings caught the frivolous eye of Mrs. Karenina, and when Anna came home from school the beloved doll was lying, a poor, naked creature, upon the floor. Another child would have sensibly clothed the denuded body in a ragged makeshift, but the outrage was too much for Anna's mould. She took the doll and beat it upon the floor. It was not until it was completely destroyed that she flung herself down beside the ruin and cried. Since then the lady had gained a new fad, and Anna's days were doll-less.

There was so much of forlornness in the child's attitude as she stood and looked at the more fortunate Marie that Miss Lucy was tempted to brave the rebuff that always met her advances to Anna.

"Do you like dolls, Anna?" she began timidly.

"No, miz, I hade them," said Anna savagely. "I god a lod home, bud I hade them."

"Miz, she's telling lies!" cried Sophie indignantly. "She ain't got none. I got a doll mit clothes," she finished, with a challenging glance at Marie.

"I god a led," Anna repeated sullenly, "mid clothes." Then she stuck out her tongue in a wicked face that included Marie, Sophie, and even Miss Lucy. When you have no white slippers and no dolls it is a dreadful thing to have flouted in your face the finery and the china-eyed children of others.

"Oh, Anna" said Miss Lucy, "you mustn't make faces. Come and see all the pretty things."

"They ain'd nothin'," said Anna scoffingly. "My mother's god a bink well." If Miss Lucy had but known it, this same pink veil, which was the most beautiful thing Anna knew, had been privately destined by her for Miss Lucy's present. That morning she had calmly stolen it, only to be prematurely discovered and beaten.

"Miz, she nefer brung you nothin'," Sophie went on, with the superiority of the "not so gut tin-tag," "and her mother ain't no gut, my mother says."

"She's god a bink weil," said Anna valiantly. "Und you shud ub. I god a doll mid clothes."

"Well, but would n't you like another?" asked Miss Lucy. There was some belated shopping to be done the next day, and in the after-noon the distribution to the "Empty Stockings," but the thought of Anna's evidently doll-less existence was not a pleasant one. Perhaps -----

Here she was interrupted by Sophie.

"Miz, look!" she cried, pointing accusingly at Frederick William. "He's eating the present wot he gif you!"

Miss Lucy looked at Frederick William, around whose mouth was a suspicious crumbiness, and, noting the disappearance of the bag of aniseed cakes, she knew that the heart of Frederick had been comforted, and the number of her presents reduced to fifty-eight. This incident and the problem of packing the numerous pieces of bric-a-brac into the basket provided by the janitor occupied Miss Lucy until, acutely conscious of much clatter, a smiling

conductor, and a bottle of wine sticking rakishly out of the basket, she got on the car and waved a farewell to the little group upon the pavement.

The next day was Christmas Eve, and Miss Lucy, sitting in her room as the short winter afternoon was changing to dark, surveyed the gifts of Class A helplessly, and wondered if her Celtic washer-woman would accept the ten cups and saucers, along with the bottle of wine. Miss Lucy's own gifts, artistically tied with holly ribbon, also lay before her, and there was one box in which was a wonderful doll destined for a pampered niece, who was already the mother of six. As Miss Lucy's eyes fell upon the doll, she thought remorsefully of Anna. She had forgotten all about her! She had been so busy, and then all afternoon she had been at the Empty Stocking Fillers, her pet charity. Surely when, in spite of new shoes that vanity has caused to be too small, you have stood for three hours and helped to distribute substantial cheer to a thousand or more children, you can be excused for a single oversight. Besides, the Bureschys were Miss Lucy's especial charge. Lizzie Bureschy was such a pretty, affectionate little thing, and Anna was so ugly and ungrateful.

" ' But she nefer gits nothing' " Miss Lucy repeated. " I wish I had remembered; but perhaps she was there this afternoon, and it's so nice and warm and comfortable here—and those shoes -----

Here Miss Lucy, luxuriously toasting her slippered feet, leaned back lazily. Then she got up and, pulling the curtain aside, looked out into the empty street. The electric lights shone blue and cold. In the distance she could hear faintly the toot of an occasional Christmas horn. A very light snow had fallen in the morning, but a sharp wind had swept it away. With the night a still cold had fallen, and the gutters were frozen hard. How good it was to be in a warm room! Just then

Miss Lucy caught sight of a little shadow across the street that as it came into the light revealed a pink fascinator and a ragged stocking.

"Why, it's Anna Karenina!" cried Miss Lucy. "What in the world ----

"The next minute she was flying down to the door.

Anna Karenina stood on the steps, and in her hand was a bundle wrapped in greasy newspaper. As Miss Lucy opened the door she thrust it disdainfully into her hand.

" Id 's for you—id's a Gristmus bresend," she said rapidly. " I don'd wand id. Id ain 'd nothin' . "

" Oh, Anna, wait!" cried Miss Lucy, running down the steps after her. Anna paused for a moment upon the lowest step.

" Id's a doll mid clothes," she said thickly, twisting one ragged leg around the other in a very agony of renunciation, " und id's god a bink dress—but id ain'd nothin'. I god a lod."

Then she vanished down the street

Miss Lucy ran to the corner, but the pink fascinator was already lost in the shadows. She returned and, sitting down upon the step, she unrolled the newspaper. Inside was a small white net stocking edged with red worsted, that she recognized as one of those given out that afternoon by the "Empty Stockings." In the stocking was the usual toy—a flaxen-haired doll " mid clothes."

A few minutes later Miss Lucy, struggling into her coat, met the astonished "Where?" of her family.

" I 'm a selfish wretch," she explained, jabbing her hat-pin viciously in place, " and it's going to have a pink dress, and it's eyes will shut, and when you poke it in the stomach it will say ' ba,'" she finished, as she slammed the door.

And that was how it came about that Anna Karenina that Christmas came into possession of a doll " mid clothes."

#### WHEN MISS LUCY HAD THE MEASLES.

In spite of her position as wage-earner for the family, Lizzie Bureschy had not yet done with childish things, and was sick with the measles. Miss Lucy stayed with her one afternoon in the close room—and the next day Class A was in the hands of a substitute. Miss Lucy, though grieving that, since she had to catch something, it was not some interestingly

pedagogical disease like brain-fag or nervous prostration, consoled herself with the reflection that it might have been the mumps, and so settled down to her enforced holiday with resignation.

Not so, however, was the spirit of Class A. The substitute was of the rank of teachers whose pride is that they are disciplinarians, and, besides, never having had the baby class, she did not understand all those little vagaries that are but evidences of the struggling intellect. No one was allowed to stay in after school to give careful assistance; boards were uncleaned, pencils unsharpened, and the "gee-ranum"—cherished Nature Study blossom of the whole class—faded neglectedly away. For an innocent witticism Bum O'Reilly was sent to the principal, charged with the sin of impertinence; Sophie Bauerschmidt was kept in every day for talking; Anna Karenina had been hooking every afternoon; and as for Frederick William, he hated the substitute with a hatred unusual to his peaceful little nature—this hatred being engendered upon the occasion when he was caught nibbling at a luscious bun. The substitute, unlike Miss Lucy, whose removals were only temporary, had thrown the bun into the wastebasket.

"She is dead," declared Anna Karenina gloomily. "I seen her, she god run ofer mid a beer-wagon, und she aind nefer coming back."

"Aw, git de hook," said Bum skeptically. "Wot yer lying fer?"

"I aind," said Anna hotly; "and I seen her funeral, they was a grape und den hacks."

Having thus uttered her account of the splendors of Miss Lucy's obituaries, Anna fell to reflectively spreading her bare toes dam-like across the gutter. The three, Anna, Sophie, and Bum, were sitting on the curb-stone in front of the school, where they had met to dittoes the disappearance of Miss Lucy.

In spite of these convincing details, the other two were doubting. "Maybe her and her beau is going to git married/" suggested Sophie, "and maybe then she won't be a teacher no more."

"No," said Bum thoughtfully; "when you git married you don't do nothin' but jest tend babies and live off yer man—unless," he added, with a bitter experience, "he 't & a guzzler and you got to take in washin'." Having thus epitomized the chief pleasures and trials of matrimony in general, Bum fell to considering the case of Miss Lucy. He remembered the prophecy of his mother that Miss Lucy was not long for Class A, but he also remembered the teacher's fervent avowal of faithfulness. It might not be too late to dissuade her. As the result of much discussion in this direction, a letter was laboriously written upon a piece of brown paper.

*"missis loosey [it went] plea do not git marrid we will lern awl the time the geranum is ded we will wash our ers"*

This letter was placed in an envelope, addressed briefly to "missis loosey," and posted.

"She 'll like the ears part," explained the tactful Bum hopefully. "She allus was fussin' about yer ears."

Having despatched this diplomatic plea, Class A waited in a suspense made almost unbearable by the substitute, and when at the end of the week it was apparent that their appeal had not moved Miss Lucy, a change of tactics was decided upon.

"It's Mister Schmidt she's marrying mit," Sophie declared. "He's her beau. I seen her talking mit him oncet, and I know he's her beau."

Therefore Mr. Schmidt, the janitor, a much married German and the respectable father of ten, was approached. He, janitor-like, was found in the yard reading the paper, an industrious broom beside him in case of the sudden appearance of the principal. To him was made the request to abstain from marriage with Miss Lucy. At first he was stolidly bewildered, then at its repetition, accompanied by the offer of a bribe of three cents, eleven tintags, and a pretzel, the united and respective possessions of Anna, Bum, and Sophie, his amazement changed to alarm. He had always been a little suspicious of Miss Lucy, whose sprightly methods of education were an enigma to him, and this disapproval had been greatly increased when, in accordance with the demands of the Nature Work, he had once caught her flying around the room after the manner and with the melodious call of the crow. As his mind grasped the nature of the demands of the three, he saw his domestic peace threatened by what was evidently a well-laid plot, and, seizing the near-by broom, he promptly chased the children to

the street There, relieved of pursuit, they again sat gloomily upon the curbstone. Even Bum O'Reilly's usual optimism was obscured, he having in the flight lost five of his cherished tintags.

After much debate it was decided that a mistake had been made in the personality of the object of Miss Lucy's affections. Undoubtedly it was the principal. But the only way in which an interview with him might be obtained was through unusual depravity. Therefore it was agreed that on the next afternoon each member of the committee was to offend in such dire manner that trial by the supreme power would be necessary. This was an easy matter for Anna Karenina. When she appeared, for the first time in three days, the substitute asked her name and then consulted the roll book severely.

"Where have you been?" she asked suspiciously.

Anna regarded her silently.

"Little girl, answer me/" repeated the substitute. "What have you been doing?"

"Bie-faze," remarked Anna briefly, "whad you think?" and was immediately appointed to be cast out.

Equally fortunate was Bum, whose manner of offending was the sticking of a wet piece of putty down Frederick William's back; but it was not until after school that Sophie, who had secured only an ordinary "keep-in" for talking, lay down upon the floor and kicked her fat little legs violently, thereby accomplishing her ejection.

So it came about that when the dismissal bell rang and the rest of Class A had departed, the three offenders were arrayed in the hall and, guided by the stern finger of the substitute, were started upon their timid journey up the long hall toward the principal's room.

The principal was a nervous bachelor, whose single state, precariously maintained among so many of the alluring sex, was a thing precious above all price. As it happened, his room had been selected that afternoon for a meeting of the Normal Extension Course of Applied Psychology, a course open only to the most distinguished among the profession. The principal was justly proud of his recent enrolment in this class, and that afternoon the attendance was one of especial importance, a supervisor and two critic teachers having been invited to discuss things scholastic. By the time Class A had gotten into its trappings and the three offenders had started up the hall, the meeting had assembled and had settled down with unctuous dignity to the consideration of the science of education. Upon this august body suddenly the door opened and the principal saw the greasy face of Anna Karenina peering in.

"You can't come in now," he said abruptly, but with the enforced gentleness of one who speaks in the presence of his supervisor. Then he walked down to the hesitating Anna.

"Get out," he said in subdued but forcible tones. "Get out."

The trio wavered at this command, but just then one of the critic teachers, spying an opportunity of displaying her admirable manner in dealing with children, smiled gaily at Sophie and waved her hand encouragingly.

"What is it, dear?" she queried.

Thus encouraged, the children advanced into the room, where they stood, a ragged and dirty but dauntless three.

Sophie was always quick to respond to any pleasantness.

"He's going to git married" she announced conversationally, pointing to the principal, who turned pale. A frivolous member giggled. This announcement of the notoriously elusive principal's intentions was amusing.

"It's Miz Luzy," said Anna, "und we god a bie-face subside."

"But we thought maybe he'd git some one else/" Bum suggested artfully. "We want Miss Lucy, and she's got red hair anyhow, and we thought maybe he'd change."

"Maybe you could git him" said the match-making Sophie, with a sidle toward her friend, the critic teacher.

The critic teacher's lack of aversion to matrimony was proverbial, and at this suggestion the principal, with a baleful light in his eye, bore down upon the three, and, in spite of their appealing glances toward the ungrateful critic teacher, they were somehow got rid of. When they reached the street bitter despair at their third futile attempt once more settled upon them. In the exuberance of his grief Bum threw his remaining tintags into the gutter, and Anna relieved herself by slapping Sophie's face vigorously and pulling her hair; whereupon Sophie wept saltily upon her useless pretzel.

There was only one course left—direct appeal. The next afternoon the self-appointed committee started out upon a search for Miss Lucy. During the afternoon the object of the expedition got noised about, and when the committee started it found itself increased by a good half-dozen. Among these additions was Frederick William, who was urged not so much by any unusual devotion to Miss Lucy, as he was goaded by the bitter thought of the forfeited bun. Bum had insisted that every member of the thus-augmented committee should have one requirement to eligibility, and that was the washing of his ears, a condition that all save Anna Karenina willingly complied with. But in spite of this rule it was a queer-looking little company that started out upon the search, for it was upon the raggedest and the dirtiest of Class A's little members that the iron hand of the substitute seemed to have fallen most heavily.

The faith of this little regiment in the finding and ultimate redemption of Miss Lucy was strong, but the way was devious, and the legs of Sophie and of Frederick William were short and fat. Then Anna Karenina, the only one who knew the way, was lured a little aside by the distant gong of a fire engine and made a wrong turn. About six o'clock it began to rain, a cold drizzle. At last the tired children wandered into a street of the very rich, and there finally huddled on the lowest step of one of the high white fronts. They were found there by a policeman, who, wofully ignorant of the whereabouts of Missis Loosey, insisted on taking them all to the station-house. Here, however, there was a kind matron, whose speedy providing against immediate starvation was very acceptable to Frederick William and stopped even Sophie's frightened sniffles. Then there was a bench in the corner where it was agreeably warm and where you could get dry and go quite comfortably to sleep until such time as you were awakened by much clamor and amid cries of "*Ach du lieber!*" "The hivins be praised!" and others equally eloquent, you were restored with gratifying emotion to the bosom of your bereaved family.

In the largeness of her heart at the restoration of her "Jimmie," the whole-hearted Mrs. O'Reilly enfolded the police captain in her capacious arms and planted a resounding smack upon his protesting countenance. Then, after much and loud rejoicing, Anna Earenina, who had viewed these demonstrations with the disdain of one whose mother neither knew nor cared where she might spend her nights, was taken in care by the Bauerschmidts, and the station-house, save for a lingering blush upon the face of the captain, returned to its normal state, and the search for Miss Lucy was over.

Fortunately, the next day Miss Lucy returned to her place, and the rule of the substitute was at an end. Miss Lucy herself was unusually sweet-tempered, for had she not been greeted by the principal with a degree of warmth unusual and most gratifying to her pedagogical pride?

"He is realizing my true teaching capabilities," thought Miss Lucy, with vanity; "I am growing indispensable to the system."

#### THE CHILD OF A WIDOW

"I LUF you, Miz Teacher, I luf you!" cried Lizzie Bureschy, first and oldest of the eight Bureschys. "I knows you is old, and you ain't my mother, but I luf you" Having thus declared her affection, she seized Miss Lucy's hand and kissed it.

Ten-year-old Lizzie had come to Miss Lucy—who was already struggling with the vacant Josef and Herman Bureschy—at the middle of the school year, when a newly enacted education law had freed the child from the charge of the continuous Bureschy baby. From that time she had grown to be the best beloved of all Miss Lucy's scholars; "Miss Lucy's angel child" she had once been called derisively by one of the teachers, and, although she was only a very human and child-like little girl, the name somehow clung.

As a rule, insufficient nourishment is not a promoter of beauty, so the countenances of Class A were usually of an ill-nourished and un-healthy ugliness. In the midst of this dearth of beauty the delicate loveliness of Lizzie Bureschy blossomed with a fineness that Miss Lucy, knowing of what stock the little maid came, found a constant wonder and delight. When Anna Karenina was especially wicked, and when the light that illumined Frederick William's mind was most showily exceeded by the shine on the end of his nose, she turned with relief to the sweet-tempered and responsive Lizzie.

Having kissed Miss Lucy's hand, Lizzie laid in it what looked like a lump of soft blacking, but in which an experienced eye would recognize as a licorice "sucker."



" I haf it for you all day in my hand," explained Lizzie, " so Josef could not lick it, and it is soft."

"Thank you, Elizabeth," said Miss Lucy, with hypocritical gratitude. Then she put her arm across the narrow shoulders, and, turning Lizzie's face up to hers, she looked into the round brown eyes.

" Lizzie," she said, "what did you have for breakfast?"

" Nothun," said Lizzie frankly. " Last night my father gits drunk, and he beats my mother, and we ain't got nuthin, and my mother gif me a cent. Ain't you going to eat it ? "

" Oh, yes," said Miss Lucy, taking a cautious nibble of the blacking. "I love it; it's fine. And what did you have for dinner?"

" Soup," said Lizzie cheerfully. "Ain't it nice?—my mother gits a nickel, and she gits dog meat. You git a lot, and she makes soup."

Miss Lucy looked wonderingly at the clear skin that had survived a licorice and dog meat diet.

" Lizzie," she said next, " what does your father do ? "

" He gits drunk," said Lizzie.

" Oh, yes," said Miss Lucy; " but what else? "

" He's a smeller," said Lizzie. " He smells down at the works, and my mother she's a sweater, but she gits cut down."

Miss Lucy, remembering the gigantic steel-works of her town, understood this alleged perfuming of Mr. Bureschy's, but—"A sweater?" she repeated vaguely.

" It's in a room down-stairs," said Lizzie. " She makes pants, but she gits cut down—and my father gits drunk," she added in apathetic refrain.

" And you take care of Herman and Josef and Marie and William and Anna and Rosa ? " said Miss Lucy, trying to smile. This was the inevitable trend of these after-school talks, and here was Lizzie's cue.

" But the little Ludwig," she cried reproachfully—" the little Ludwig that I luf!"

Here followed a long account of the surpassing wonders of Ludwig Bureschy, aged one, last and best loved of all Lizzie's charges—his six beautiful teeth, his delightful fondness for bacon skins, his conversational powers.

As the child talked, Miss Lucy watched her face. So many children came under the teacher's care that she seldom tried to do more than make them happy and a little clean while in her class, passing them on without great regret or more than a casual interest as to their future. But Lizzie was so neglected, so poor, so sweet, and so pretty that the young teacher often wondered sorrowfully what would become of her.

" Lizzie," Miss Lucy interrupted, " what are you going to be when you get big?"

" A teacher," said Lizzie promptly.

At this safe discrimination Miss Lucy was delighted. How like her angel child!

" How nice!" she said. " And why ? "

" Miz Teacher," Lizzie explained, " onct when I was down mit Ludwig by her beer saloon and I had a fight mit Sophie Bauerschmidt, and she took his bacon what he luf and she throwed it in the gutter, and when I am a teacher I will git the pointer and efery day I will beat her and I will beat her till she is det."

At this proof of the humanness of her angel child Miss Lucy laughed. What if her fellow-members of the Society for Ethical Improvement had heard her!

"Poor Sophie!" she said, and then, suddenly remembering the demands of the little Ludwig, Lizzie was sent home.

When the next day Lizzie did not appear Miss Lucy put down her absence to the probable indisposition of the little Ludwig. A week passed before she learned that Mr. Bureschy, returning from a convivial night at the Bauerschmidt saloon, had fallen against a curbstone. He was taken to one of the settlement hospitals, and a few days later " went to his reward, leaving a sorrowing widow and eight bereft children."

The next week Herman and Josef returned to school dirtier and stupider than ever. Their sister was not coming back, was all they could say. " She had a bureau on a piece of paper, and she did n't have to come."

The mystified Miss Lucy reported the case, and a few days later the Truant Officer came to her.

"I'm afraid your angel child has flew the coop for good," he informed her. " She's working in a coat factory from seven till six, so you will please consider her education finished."

" What? " cried Miss Lucy.

" You can't do anything," the Truant Officer shrugged. " She's got a permit from the Industrial Bureau. Thanks to your special efforts, she can read and write. She's the child of a widow, and she's twelve years old, so it's all right."

" Twelve!" protested Miss Lucy indignantly. " Why, she's only ten. Her mother said so when she brought her, and I know it's so."

" Oh, yes," said the Truant Officer philosophically; " but you can't prove it. Besides, there are seven others, and they have to live."

" How calmly you take it !" snapped Miss Lucy angrily. " You know it'll kill that baby to work in a factory. What are orphan asylums for, anyhow?"

The Truant Officer smiled reminiscently. " Why don't you go to see Mrs. Bureschy and suggest that?" was his bland rejoinder.

" I will," cried the Champion, "and you see if I don't get my angel child out of that place!"

Inspired with this idea, the next day Miss Lucy hunted up the officers of the Charity Organization and wrested from them a promise of help to the extent of half of Lizzie's wages. From them she also got the name of the very nicest of all the orphan asylums. Then followed a week of hard work, for this asylum, splendid and liberal in its equipment and education, was a very exclusive one. You had to be something more than a common little orphan—indeed, you had to be an orphan with ancestors—to be admitted to it, and its doors opened grudgingly to the daughter of a "smeller" and a "sweater."

In the course of her campaign Miss Lucy visited the Home, and was delighted with the charmingly and overpoweringly maternal matron.

She also caught a glimpse into the dining hall, where sat the thirty little orphans with blue dresses all alike, and close-cropped heads, happily eating a plentiful supper of mush. Although rather startling in its convict-like effect, a practical experience of conditions existing among the coiffures of Class A allowed Miss Lucy to commend this shearing of the parentless lambs, and she returned with new enthusiasm to her beseeching of supercilious patronesses and sleek directors.

At last she succeeded, and one evening about eight o'clock she alighted from the car carrying with her the hard-won paper. She had been so busy all week that she had not had time to consult Mrs. Bureschy about her plan, but the matron had so impressed upon her the high privilege it was to be a happy little orphan in that especial Home that she pictured herself the centre of the grateful Mrs. Bureschy and the seven remaining Bureschys, all kneeling and tearfully beseeching for like favors. The thought of her pretty and much loved Lizzie freed from the dreadful factory, the dirty tenement, and the ignorant Mrs. Bureschy, hurried her along and it was with the delightful feeling of the Lady Bountiful that she ran up the dark stairs leading to the Bureschy home.

The Bureschys occupied a flat consisting of one room, a large cupboard, and a bath-tub—a relic of the old house's better days. The room was the general living-room and the sleeping place of Mrs. Bureschy and five of the children; the cupboard was the bed-room of Lizzie, Josef, and the little Ludwig; the bath-tub was the coal-bin, the wood pile, the chiffonier, and the safe deposit vault, holding, besides the coal and wood supply, both the death certificate of Mr. Bureschy and the solitary tooth-brush of all the Bureschys.

In response to Miss Lucy's knock the door was opened by Josef, who, in an ecstasy of shyness at this thrusting of pedagogical greatness upon him, immediately retired beneath the table, where Herman, Anna, William, Rosa, and Marie at once joined him. Mrs. Bureschy was sitting at a table upon which a lamp smoked out an oily odor into the air, already foul and smelling of a sausage supper. Before Mrs. Bureschy there was a pile of trousers, upon one pair of which she was sewing buttons, while at her feet, her tired head within easy reach of her mother's prodding knee, sat Lizzie, also sewing buttons. The little Ludwig, a dirty baby, was lying on the floor beside his sister, comfortably sucking a large piece of bacon skin.

Upon Miss Lucy's entrance, Mrs. Bureschy, looking as though she would like to join the recreant Josef, rose and greeted her with worried politeness. Lizzie, her heavy eyes brightening for a moment, smiled a vague welcome across her work. When you have a family to provide for, you have not much thought for the foolish gambols of the baby class, and in

the month of her factory life school and Miss Lucy had child life, and all but forgotten in the reality of her present cares.

"Good evening, Mrs. Bureschy," said Miss Lucy cheerfully, her satisfaction too complete to be chilled by this reception. "I have come to see Lizzie. She has not been at school for nearly a month, you know, and I have missed her very much."

"Yiz, miz," agreed Mrs. Bureschy politely. This mild agreement was a habit of hers, an obscure strain of Jewish blood giving her a conciliating air of deference toward life in general. Perhaps long ago, before she had left her Hungarian village home for the land of gold, Mrs. Bureschy might have been pretty, but work and Mr. Bureschy had destroyed any vestige of beauty, leaving her ugly, lean, and scrawny-necked, with a dirtiness that seemed to be rubbed in.

"Where has she been?" continued Miss Lucy diplomatically. "She was getting on so well that I don't like her to stay home."

"It iss all right, miz," said Mrs. Bureschy eagerly. "I got the ticket. Here," she said, giving Lizzie's nodding head a prod, "git ub and git the ticket!"

Lizzie, thus aroused, got up and, going over to the bath-tub, drew out from a corner the child-labor permit. In it "Elizabeth Bureschy, aged twelve, being the child of a widow," was given permission to be employed.

After she had read the permit Miss Lucy pulled Lizzie to her, and, pushing back her hair, looked into her face. She saw that her month as a wage-earner had left its marks upon the face of her angel child—marks none the less sure because still light. The pink skin that had withstood a succession of licorice breakfasts had succumbed to the close air and confinement of the factory, and the round eyes were swollen and inflamed.

"It's the lint," Mrs. Bureschy explained. "She makes west pads, and it iss the lint; but she 'll git used to it."

"She won't at all!" cried Miss Lucy, with a burst of sudden anger. "And you know she's not twelve; you told me she was ten."

Mrs. Bureschy extended her hands deprecatingly.

"Miz, yiz, miz," she agreed, "but she iss now twelve, miz. I told you what iss not so, but what can I do when efery year another Bureschy come?"

"Oh, well, Mr. Bureschy's dead now," said Miss Lucy, with a thoughtless consolation that she at once blushed for. However, Mrs. Bureschy had evidently wasted little time in conjugal mourning.

"Yiz, miz," she said quickly; "and it iss all there on the ticket about the child of a widow. The foreman says it iss all right."

Miss Lucy had often wondered heartlessly as to what in the general scheme of things was the good of Mr. Bureschy's drunken existence, and in the effect of his death, upon Lizzie, she found her rebellious questioning bitterly answered. "If his special bacchanalian providence had only kept him away from that curbstone for a couple of years!" she exclaimed to herself.

Mrs. Bureschy, evidently considering this verdict of the foreman as final, grew more communicative.

"And she iss that smart!" she continued, with a touch of maternal pride. "She iss making two dollars a week already, and maybe soon she will git a machine and she will git more."

Miss Lucy turned Lizzie's face up to hers.

"Lizzie," she said coaxingly, "would n't you like to come back?"

Instead of joyfully accepting this offer, Lizzie looked disappointingly unresponsive; but she inherited her mother's desire to conciliate, and she hedged skilfully.

"Miz teacher," she reminded Miss Lucy, with a mixture of pride and appeal, "but maybe soon I gits a machine."

At this desertion of her angel child Miss Lucy let Lizzie go.

"But she's such a little child," she appealed almost tearfully to her mother, "and it's a dreadful thing to take her childhood away from her like that. Have n't you any feeling at all? You know she can't stand it!"

Mrs. Bureschy looked sullen. "Miz," she said, "I works in the basement, and I makes buttons, and sometimes when I start I makes fif dollars, but they cuts me down, efery month they cuts me down, and I can't do nothun else."

"But why don't you put them away in an asylum?" said Miss Lucy, with a sweeping gesture toward all the little Bureschys. She reflected that this was a dramatic moment to make

her little speech and receive the thanks of a grateful widow. So intent was she upon her plan that she did not notice a sudden and warning gleam in the eye of the supposedly grateful widow.

"I know a beautiful place where I can get Lizzie and have her educated finely," Miss Lucy went on, "and you won't have to lose a cent." She then went into a glowing description of the enticements of the Home, from the milkiness of its mushes to the motherliness of its matron. She was so carried away by her own eloquence that she did not notice Mrs. Bureschy get up suddenly and grab the little Ludwig from the floor, who, as she talked, cheerfully and solemnly polished the end of his mother's nose with the bacon skin. If Miss Lucy had but known it, it was also a piece of bacon that, thrown by outraged motherhood at the head of the Truant Officer, had engendered his philosophy. But she did not know it, so she rambled delightedly on. It was a dreadful jolt to her when finally she stopped for breath and Mrs. Bureschy spoke.

"Git out," said the ungrateful woman.

At this Miss Lucy gasped.

"Wh-what?" she said weakly, all her eloquence knocked out of her by this succinct command.

"Git out!" repeated Mrs. Bureschy violently. "Nobody ain't going to git her away from me. Git out!"

For a moment Miss Lucy was dazed, then she thought she understood. What dreadfully mercenary creatures these women of the submerged tenth were!

"But I told you you'll get just as much as she makes", she explained kindly, "and you'll have one less to look out for."

"You can't take her away from me," repeated Mrs. Bureschy doggedly. The little Ludwig, having sufficiently shined his mother's nose, was now massaging her right eye, while the left glared out at Miss Lucy in an alarming manner. "I works all day, and I ain't bad, and you ain't going to git one of them away from me." Then a hard tear trickled queerly and detachedly down her greasy face, and her anger rose once more. "Git out!" she concluded.

Miss Lucy was beginning to realize that here was something primitively strong and beyond the reach of her reasonable philanthropy. The divine passion of motherhood, as represented by spiritual, clean madonnas, bending starry-eyed over equally clean babies, had always been to her a thing of worship, and it seemed almost irreverent to humanize it in this dirty Mrs. Bureschy and the greasy Ludwig. But a sense was coming to her that she had lightly and cruelly touched upon something sacred to the widowed mother. Also the gleam in Mrs. Bureschy's solitary and baleful eye made her nervous.

"I guess I had better 'git out,'" she said gracefully. "It seems most proper—and decidedly safest. I'm sorry you feel so about it," she concluded weakly. Then she stooped over Lizzie, who, the prods forgotten, had at once fallen asleep on the floor. "Good night, my poor little angel child," she said regretfully. Then, the implacable eye of Mrs. Bureschy still fixed upon her, she went out.

She went down one flight, and then in the darkness and dirt of the bottom step she sat down. In the room below she could hear thick-voiced swearing, and a woman's sobs mingling with the weak, hungry cry of a very young baby. There was something so forlorn and so weak in the baby's voice that it brought the tears to Miss Lucy's eyes. A feeling of something overwhelming and fatally inevitable swept over her, knocking down all her comfortable little altruisms, and there out-side the Bureschy home she sat and dismally wept, not only for Mrs. Bureschy and Lizzie, but for the whole race of sweaters and the children of sweaters.

## THE JEALOUSY OF ANNA KARENINA

BUM O'REILLY was in love. Had Miss Lucy not been so absorbed in the sordid question as to whether the Primer Class knew its lessons she would have noted the signs of this devotion, if only in the absence from her desk of the delicacies usually bestowed upon her by this dirtiest yet most generous and best loved of her scholars. But the guiding of Class A in the paths of learning left her little time for the finer things of life, and the first intimation she

had of Bum's surrender to the tender passion was a letter from the father of Marie Schaefer, the adored one. Marie was a fat little German maiden whose face shone continually with soap and self-satisfaction and who rejoiced in a clean dress every day.

*Kind Missis Loosey [the letter went] plesse my little Marie's Seat change. The Boy who sets behind her Kisses her all the Time. It is not nise.*

*Respectably Mister Schaefer.*

Spurred by the outraged parental morality of the last line, Miss Lucy instituted inquiries.

" Miz, it was him," enlightened Sophie Bauerschmidt, pointing to the blushing, wriggling Bum. "He kisses her efery day when you ain't here, und he gif her his licorish und a gold ring wot was in a grab-bag; und he says he iss her beau, but Anna says it ain't so. She says he iss her beau und when she gits Marie outside she will beat her."

" Miz, it is lies," said Anna Karenina calmly.

Ignoring this complication of feminine jealousy, Miss Lucy looked with understanding sadness at Bum. This, then, and not her own benign influence, was the cause of the regular attendance of the former incorrigible truant Sorrowfully she changed his seat, putting in his place Frederick William Schneider, whom she knew to be susceptible only to the wiles of the toothsome ginger-snap or the lure of the fas-cinating animal-cracker.

The next day the Primer Class had just come up from recess. Things had not gone well that afternoon. In the Literature period, during the dramatization of the nursery rhyme, when Herman Bu-reschy, as Miss Muffet's spider, was creeping up the aisle, he had bumped his nose against August Meyer's foot and had to be carried out to have the injured member bathed. Then, during Miss Lucy's absence from the room, Sophie had been slapped and had her bun stolen by Anna, So it was with a sigh of weariness that Miss Lucy gave out the papers for a writing lesson.

"I see" was the statement that fifty-nine little pencils were de-claring with varied success. Frederick William had not been able to attain more than a queer, scrawly design, and had gotten a large grease-spot on his paper from a doughnut that he was surreptitiously eating; Sophie had made a mistake and had then with moistened finger committed the offense of rubbing a hole in her paper; while Bum O'Reilly was not writing at all, all his powers being needed to keep him from licking the chocolate off an all-day sucker destined for Marie. Miss Lucy had just wrathfully discovered the hole and Sophie was on her tearful way to the corner when she found herself returned to her seat with gentle force. Then Miss Lucy moved forward to meet the visitor, in whom with a sinking faintness she recognized the Supervisor of Nature Work.

Of all Supervisors, this one was the most to be dreaded by young, untried teachers. In her delight in acrimonious criticism she was unrivalled. Therefore, Miss Lucy, having seated this ogress in her own chair, confronted Class A with an expression so helpless in its appeal that the class as one child gasped in sympathy.

The Nature lesson for that day was on Leaves. The type leaf was the maple, and the object of the lesson was to select this leaf from among the many varieties that the children had been collecting. After this selection they were to be pinned up on the board, where Miss Lucy had drawn a nicely shaded but botanically incorrect leaf. Now the leaves were various and city-bred. Miss Lucy, owing to a deep-rooted fear of toads and snakes, had never been one of Nature's worshippers. Therefore, she held up the first leaf between trembling fingers. It was a much indented one that she afterward found to be oak.

" Children," she began, " we are going to look at our leaves and find all the little maple-tree children that we know. How many can tell me if this is one of our little friends? Anna ?

"

" Miz, I wand a drink," said Anna Karenina gloomily.

"Very well, dear," said Miss Lucy with dangerous sweetness. " Sophie? " she called again.

" Miz," said Sophie irrelevantly, " I had a luffly mable leaf und she swiped it off of me yistiddy"—pointing at the disappearing Anna, who at once stuck out her tongue.

" Sophie," said Miss Lucy, pretending temporarily not to see the tongue, " you are not answering me."

" Miz, I don't know nothin' about mable leafs," said Sophie blandly.

"Und, miz," she continued irrepressibly, "I seen Louis Deterick on the street in the morning und he says he ain't coming in the school 'cause his mutter she iss gitting a new baby."

"James O'Reilly?" Miss Lucy spoke hastily.

Bum knew no more of maple leaves than Miss Lucy herself, but he believed profoundly in the might of the bluff, and he responded so decidedly in the affirmative that Miss Lucy at once pinned the oak leaf on the edge of the board. As she did so she stole a glance at the Nature Supervisor and noted a disdainful curl to that lady's lip. In the course of that lesson Miss Lucy declared as maple leaves two poplars, an ash, and an acacia. At last with the final pinning up of a geranium leaf that she was too wretched to smell, the lesson concluded.

"Now, little boys and girls," she then appealed brightly, "who will say 'Leaves at Play' for me? Frederick?" The Primer Class, though backward in Nature, was unusually strong on literature and the drama. However, in this case a similarity of meter was Frederick's undoing. In all the beauty of his clean blouse, his big white collar, and his blond shininess, he stood up and recited.

"Oh little red leafses!  
Oh, nice little leafsess  
How you dance und you scamper in play!  
There come a black spider,  
Und sit down beside her,  
Und frightened Miss Muffet away."

Then he sat down in happy satisfaction, while Miss Lucy giggled hysterically and looked at the Supervisor, whose grim face, however, only grew grimmer. To hide her mirth, unseemly in one whose supervision was so obviously to be marked unsatisfactory, Miss Lucy turned to fasten the geranium leaf more securely. As she did so, she heard a peculiar explosive noise, like the sudden turning off and on of a spigot. This was followed by a loud, breathless gasp and an ascending roar.

"Why, Frederick William!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly to find a wet and wailing little boy where had been the embodiment of self-satisfaction but a short moment ago, "how in the world did you get so dripping?"

"Mix," cried Sophie eagerly, "she didn't want no drink, und she brunged it all in her mouth 'cause she wanted to blow it down Marie's neck, und she had it in her mouth when you was talking und she nefer blowed far enough."

"Anna Karenina," said Miss Lucy sternly, "stay in."

Then, after speeding the disgusted exit of the Nature Supervisor, Miss Lucy collapsed wearily into her chair.

After school Miss Lucy and Anna confronted each other, Miss Lucy with a feeling that even sending to the Principal would not be too severe a punishment, Anna her head dropping, one ragged clad leg twisted around the other, a black curl pulled sullenly across her dark little face.

"Anna, I am going to take you to the Principal," Miss Lucy began sternly. Then with a helpless consciousness of her usual lack of understanding of the queer, lawless little creature before her, her voice softened. "Don't you know it was unkind to—to—throw water in Frederick's face?" she said, drawing Anna gently to her.

At this Anna burst into tears.

"Miz," she sobbed in one long cry, "he was my beau, und now Marie is come und he lufs her 'cause she has a clean dress, und he gifs her all his gum, und when I git her I will beat her. He was my beau."

Miss Lucy looked down at the dirty little figure before her, which in all the days of its presence in her class had never been clad in a really clean dress, and she suddenly felt a feminine comprehension.

"Anna," she said, "you may go."

After Anna had gone, Miss Lucy sat down at her desk and, opening a book, began industriously to study. On the title page was the subject, "Nature Work in the Elementary Schools."

## BUM O'REILLY COLLECTS

I began when Miss Lucy found Bum O'Reilly, her most endearing incorrigible, employing his recess in bisecting an unfortunate caterpillar. Horrified at this unthinking boy-cruelty in one in whose Irish tenderness of heart she had always believed, she spent the next few days inculcating the lesson of kindness to the lesser creation. So thoroughly did she teach this lesson that she found Class A was in danger of becoming morbid on the subject. Lizzie Bureschy started a vigorous crusade for afflicted and persecuted cats, appearing daily with some sore-eyed, starved feline in her arms, that she had rescued from the gutter and that she insisted on depositing temporarily, with a soothing saucer of milk beside it, in Miss Lucy's waste-basket. Even Anna Karenina grew enthusiastic and appeared one day with a discolored eye and a mangy, ill-treated little dog that she had captured after gory combat with its rightful owners. Then Bum O'Reilly got himself arrested for attacking a man who was beating a horse. Finally Sophie Bauernchmidt arrived one afternoon with a mouse-trap against the wires of which nosed a frightened mouse. Miss Lucy was not at all heroic— she was afraid of many things, but her special terror was mice, so she shudderingly ordered Sophie to take it out. Whereupon Sophie burst into violent tears.

"It's a poor dumb animal like wot you said," she wailed, "und mine mutter she drowns them in a bucket."

But the inconsistent Miss Lucy was inflexible, and Sophie retired, only to be led back a few minutes later in still more violent tears. She had been caught in the hall by the Principal in the act of releasing the small gray captive.

"Try to impress upon her that incautious rodents deserve their fate," the Principal remarked gravely to Miss Lucy. Then as Sophie wailed again a plea for the "poor dumb animal" he smiled cynically.

"You've overdone it again," he said severely.

After this incident the crusade against cruelty relapsed a little until one day Bum O'Reilly arrived with a horrible tale.

"Miss, I seen a man," he reported, "and he had a lot of bugs in a box, wid pins sticking in their stummicks."

Miss Lucy explained. "It was a collection, James," she said.

"Sometimes, too, people collect even live insects and animals to observe and learn their ways and habits."

"Any kind of animals?" Bum asked with the first strong interest he had shown.

"Yes, any kind/" said Miss Lucy.

Miss Lucy thought no more of this conversation until several days later when in the midst of a reading lesson she caught Bum in the surreptitious inspection of something beneath his desk. Relentless authority demanding the forfeit, he produced a large tobacco-box with odd perforations.

"You know I always keep anything like this a week before I return it," she said with a severity heightened by an exasperating grin on Bum's freckled face. Then she put the box in her desk.

However, the reading lesson that morning seemed destined to many interruptions, for hardly had it started again when Lizzie Bureschy appeared, an hour late and with a wet, bedraggled cat in her arms, which she held out tenderly to Miss Lucy.

"I bringed it for you, Teacher," she explained pleadingly, "und it iss got awful nice watery eyes und it iss all mit bones."

Miss Lucy revolted.

"No, Lizzie," she said sternly; "you can't put it in the waste-basket, and you know I told you not to bring any more cats to school. Take it out"

At this Lizzie's lip quivered wofully and her eyes filled. Miss Lucy, who especially loved this gentle little girl, grudgingly offered again the shelter of the half-filled waste-basket. She was sorry for this relenting when, a moment later, the Principal appeared with his unctuous company smile and a visitor.

This visitor was the School Commissioner of Miss Lucy's district, and as yet known to her only through hearsay. However, as she advanced to meet him she recalled with misgivings that, a practical and successful man of business, he was known to be altogether

opposed to the " fads and fancies " of that " Newest Education " of which she was a most ardent follower. Also she remembered regretfully the lean and blear-eyed occupant of the basket She looked at the good-looking Commissioner and noted with apprehension the keen humor in his eyes. Would he be able to rise seriously to the demands of the Newest Education, or would he just laugh?

In spite of these misgivings, she started to put the class through its various accomplishments. As Class A tripped lightly along the road to learning, made royal by the Newest Education, the Commissioner, seated at her desk, one gray-clad leg crossed over the other, leaned back and smiled a little after the manner of those unenlightened who still believe in the solidity of the three R's. Miss Lucy, though afraid of mice, had the courage of her convictions, yet even she herself felt a little foolish when in the course of the nature lesson she was obliged to assist in imitating the habits, movements, and calls of the crow, the type bird of the grade. It was hard to caw with dignity while a pair of humorous gray eyes watched her and laughed; doubly hard when through all the chorus of caws she could hear from the waste-basket the ominous rustle of paper. Finally, the Nature Work over, she turned to write the reading page. As she did so she looked cautiously beneath the desk just in time to see an investigating head rise over the top of the basket Then one lean paw reached tentatively out, and as Miss Lucy watched, fascinated, it fastened itself in the gray-clad limb of the Commissioner. The next moment, with a startling meow, the dere-lict had scrambled up the gray leg and with a succession of wails balanced itself upon the Commissioner's knee, while it looked at him blindly and in wet reproach. Overwhelmed in her embarrassment, Miss Lucy stood helpless while the Commissioner gingerly lifted the cat off his immaculate knee. As he did so Sophie Bauerschmidt spoke up.

" Ain't it nice? " she said. " Efery day we git a poor dumb animal wot we iss being kind to und sometimes they iss kittens."

" I see!" said the Commissioner gravely. Then he looked smilingly at Miss Lucy, who, although she had restored the cat to the basket, had not finished blushing.

" Don't mind it," he said soothingly. " It might have been kittens as well."

Miss Lucy did not respond to the smile, but she managed somehow to recover a little, and the reading began. Books were taken out, the page found, and the class smoothly started upon the first sentence, when Miss Lucy, finding her own book was still in her desk, raised its lid and, still smiling encouragement over the top, groped for her book. The next moment a shriek rent the air, the desk lid dropped with a bang, and the amazed Commissioner, standing beside her, found himself seized and held in the hysterical clasp of a terrified young woman, while on the floor, shaken frantically from her arm, something soft and pinkish squirmed and twisted.

"It wiggled, it wiggled, it was wet and it went up my sleeve and wiggled," she fairly sobbed as she clung appealingly to the Commissioner's lapel.

" There, there, my child, it's all right," soothed the Commissioner kindly, and Miss Lucy was forever after grateful to him that he did not laugh.

" Why, it's only a good-sized worm," he continued, looking down at the floor.

Miss Lucy, in sudden understanding, let go his lapel and looked down at Bum O'Reilly.

" Miss, it's jest my c'lection like ye was telling about," Bum spoke in answer to the reproach of that look, "and some of it's alive and some of it's dead. I used to keep 'em loose and free, but they're great on gittin' stepped on, so I put 'em in a box. I wash 'em off every day, and I 'm going to try and train 'em."

Then he came forward and, picking up the worm, held it lovingly, while Miss Lucy shuddered.

" He's me best one," he said proudly to the Commissioner. " I 'm taking notice of his habits, and he's that smart t Each of 'em's got a name."

The Commissioner leaned forward, looking at Bum's delightful Irish face with an interest that even the Newest Education had not called up.

" What's this one's? " he asked.

Bum looked a little apologetically at Miss Lucy. He hoped she would not feel slighted.

" I 'm a-believing he's the father," he said, " and I 'm calling him the Principal."

At this the Commissioner threw back his head and laughed so long and heartily that at last Miss Lucy, leaning weakly against the black-board, laughed too.



A little later the Commissioner left. As he shook hands with Miss Lucy he looked at her quizzically and then he turned to Class A.

"I'm coming to see you again," he assured them; then, with a glance at Miss Lucy, "and the next time I come I expect a fine performance of the only trained earthworms in captivity."

Miss Lucy smiled, but when he had gone she too spoke to Class A, and from that day the cause of the "poor dumb animals" was no more.

## THE MASCOT OF THE PRIMER CLASS

IT was Friday morning, and the Primer Class was indulging in Finger Plays.

"This iss mutter, gut und dear;  
This is fader, full of beer,"

recited Anna Karenina.

"Not 'beer' Anna," Miss Lucy corrected. "Cheer'."

"Id ain'd wod my fader drinks, und I dunno nodin' about id," said Anna, and at once relapsed into sullen silence.

Into this already charged atmosphere Bum O'Reilly walked recklessly, a half-hour late, and at his ragged heels a yellow, bony little nondescript of a dog. Waving aside with exasperation a piece of chewing-gum artfully tendered her as a bribe, Miss Lucy ordered the dog to be removed at once.

"Miss," Bum protested respectfully, "I can't git rid of him no ways. I been beatin' him sometink fierce, but the little divil won't lemme alone;" and he looked down at the dog with a glance in which Miss Lucy saw already an ineffectually suppressed pride of ownership.

"You know very well you coaxed him to follow you/" she said severely.

"Honest, miss," Bum explained, "he was settin' on the corner, jest a-waitin' fer me. Niver a whistle I give him, nor a look out er me eye, but no sooner he sees me and he gives a wag of his tail and comes a-runnin'. I give him one in de ribs wid me foot 'Git away wid yer,' I sez, 'ye dirty little divil! If yer was a clean-lookin' pup it ud be all right,' I sez, 'but don't yer know Missis Loosey ain't got no use fer a ugly little dorg like ye?'"

Although knowing full well that the wily Bum was playing on her sympathies, this narrative touched Miss Lucy. She looked at the "dorg," who at once acknowledged the glance with a friendly wave of his tail. This tail was a ridiculous thing, long out of all proportion to his size, and upon the least provocation it would wag so violently that it usually overbalanced its owner's body. There was something so whole-hearted in this vigorous wagging that it appealed to Miss Lucy.

"Well, he can stay this morning," she said reluctantly, "if he behaves."

Although the dog stayed, his conduct could hardly be taken as a pattern to the members of the Primer Class. For a time he sat under the bench at Bum's feet and contented himself with chewing on his new-found master's shoes. When Miss Lucy went up and down the aisle he bit playfully at her skirts. At the Physical Training period, the commands seemed to excite him, for he ran wildly around the room, occasionally overbalanced by his uncontrollable tail and emitting wild yelps. Then when Sophie Bauerschmidt got up to read, he frightened her into shrieks by licking her bare legs. At recess it was discovered that he had eaten Frederick William's sandwiches. So when noon dismissal came Miss Lucy gave Bum strict orders to return unattended. He did so, but late, and, for the first time in her experience with him, sullen.

" Miss," he said, " I tied him up wid a piece of rope, and he's goin' on orful."

" He 'll get used to it," said Miss Lucy heartlessly.

" Miss, I 'm a-believin' he 'll git choked," said Bum coldly, and applied himself to the reading lesson.

Not for long, however, was the quiet of the Primer Class to be undisturbed. The lesson was hardly over when a series of yelps came from the hall, followed by a hysterical squeal of recognition, and in a moment Bum, with actual tears in his eyes, was holding in his arms a quivering little animal from whose neck hung a broken bit of rope. At that moment the Principal appeared at the door.

"What was that?" he asked in amazement.

Miss Lucy explained.

" I 'm thinking of having him for the Class Pet," she said.

"What! You are going to let him stay?" the Principal ex-claimed disapprovingly.

" Encourage the little ones to bring their pets to school. Let the children mould, draw, model, and paint the little creatures. Thus the lesson of kindness will unconsciously be instilled," chanted Miss Lucy cheerfully, and the Principal, recognizing the quotation from the Nature Schedule, smiled.

" He looks like a comic supplement creation," he remarked jocosely. "What name are you going to give him—Rex, Ponto, or Rover?"

The sarcasm was lost on Bum. " I dunno," he said gravely; " but I 'm thinkin' maybe it ought to be Nellie."

The Principal's jocose expression immediately became a trifle fixed, and Miss Lucy spoke with hasty gaiety.

"I think we'll call him 'Happy'??," she said; "he seems such a cheerful little animal," and thus settled all discussion.

From that day Happy, as he was called, grew to be a regular attendant upon the Primer Class in spite of Miss Lucy's not very stringent orders. There was nothing at all clever about him; he was a very foolish little dog, dull in everything but loving. In spite of good feeding his ribs still stuck out unbeautifully, but there was something endearing about the wag of his tail and the touch of his moist little nose that snuggled down into any convenient hand. After the novelty had worn off, the children accepted him calmly as a fellow classmate. Now and then an exciting episode occurred, as when Miss Lucy was called away for a day, and the substitute, on opening her desk, found a large and juicy bone reposing among her books of pedagogics. Then there was the unexpected visit of the Superintendent, when in spite of the moral backing of the Nature Schedule Miss Lucy smuggled Happy hastily into the book-case. He remained there quietly until the Physical Training began, when he set up an unhappy howling and continued until Miss Lucy released him, when he immediately rushed with welcoming tail to the Superintendent and began to chew his shoe. Perhaps the worst of all was when, in a sudden puppy fever, he ate the trimmings off of Marie Schaefer's new hat.

"I don't know what to do with him, James," Miss Lucy sighed after school that day, looking down at Happy, who, the day being a little chilly, was managing somehow to sit on the scant edge of her skirt. " You must really try to keep him home."

" Miss," Bum pleaded earnestly, " it 'ull kill him sure to do it, he 's that loving in his ways. It breaks his heart if he ain't wid me all the time. Ivery night when I goes to bed he lays up close to me feet, and sometimes I 'm a-believin' he gits orful dreams, he's growlin'so and chewin' on me toes. But, miss, he 's orful fond of me."

This inseparable devotion was to receive a rude shock. A few days later, as Miss Lucy stepped from the car, she was met by an anxious-faced delegation of the early arrivals of the Primer Class.

" Miz, come quick," cried Sophie wildly. " They iss having a awful fight, und Bum iss bleeding by the nose already, und maybe he iss goin' to git run in."

Seeing that this was no time to reason why, Miss Lucy took Sophie's hand and hurried along. Half-way down the block, she found Bum held firmly in the clutch of a burly figure in khaki, while in the street stood a large wagon with a wire screen on one side, against which a frightened little yellow dog threw himself violently. One glance at Bum's blazing eyes and at the dog-catcher's grim expression, and she did not need Anna Karenina's delighted " He's waidin for de cop " to explain the situation. She was glad that she had intended to go shopping that afternoon, and had started out provided with the where-withal.

" I'm sorry you have had this trouble," she said, holding the dog-catcher's eye with her sweetest smile, while her hand, in which was that which was to have purchased some delightful vanity, met for a moment his palm, " but he's such a little fellow, so won't you let him off this time?"

The crinkle of that which had been transferred to his hand caused a sudden relaxing of the dog-catcher's grip.

"I'm feelin' that kick in me stummick yit, miss," he asserted gloomily, but with a mollified air, as he climbed into the wagon. Then, as he drove off, with the little body still throwing itself frantically against the wire, Bum, the shame of tears forgotten, flung himself down on the pavement with bitter sobbing. For in order to secure Happy's release a license must be shown, and Happy, unlicensed and the dog of a master whose fortune consisted of cigar-bands and a baseball, was in the hands of the power that asphyxiates.

It will be supposed that, having long wished that Happy might be conveniently removed, Miss Lucy would find that day in the Primer Class one of rest and relief. So she assured herself she did. There was no distracting yelping during the Physical Training; as she stopped to pick up a paper, no fond little tongue licked her nose. And yet, in spite of this, a deep gloom seemed to have fallen upon teacher and pupil alike. Bum sat white and listless, all the Irish humor quenched in his blue eyes. Sophie Bauerschmidt, the tender-hearted, sniffled audibly all day, while even Anna Karenina occasionally removed slow tears with one smutty finger that left a dirty track down her cheek. There was only one thing to be done, and Miss Lucy, sacrificing the remains of her dream of finery, did it. At noon she and Bum visited the License Department, and by night Happy, with convulsive wriggles of joy, was borne forth from the dog pound in the boy's trembling arms.

"But I don't know what we'll do with him," sighed Miss Lucy again.

It was not long, however, before the question of what was to be done with Happy decided itself. One afternoon Bum and Happy were both absent. Miss Lucy was putting on her hat after school when Aloysiua O'Reilly appeared with a grimy note.

**" Missis Loosey," [it went] " pleze come hapy is orfull sic he aint wagin hit tal no mor yurs trooly jams oreilly."**

Miss Lucy hurried down. When she got there she found that Happy was indeed " orfull sic." He lay out in the dirty yard, and Miss Lucy, kneeling beside him, felt a sudden sinking of her heart when at her call there was no responsive wag of the foolish tail. Instinctively she put her hand on Bum's shoulder, but, looking into his wretched face, she could think of nothing to say. A bundle of old carpet lay in the corner, and this she brought

"It will be softer for him, " she said as she laid the little dog gently upon it. " Poor Happy!" At the name and the touch, Happy, who in all his life never failed in a quick gratitude for any small kindness, turned his head feebly and snuggled his nose down in the old way into Miss Lucy's hand. Then his head dropped, and Miss Lucy, knowing, put her arms around Bum with a quick rush of tears.

For two whole weeks Bum "hooked school," in utter defiance of the Truant Officer, and for two weeks Miss Lucy, utterly failing in her duty, did not report him. Finally her pleadings won.

" I 'll be comin' termorrer," he said. " But, oh, miss," he went on with an unashamed sob, "I can't stand ter t'ink wot it'll be like widout that little old feller settin' alongside of me."

And Miss Lucy, in the gloom of the Primer Class, and missing the faithful friendship of the little dog, could say nothing.

## STAGE-STRUCK

Del-iA! Oh, Deli-ah!" called Delia Harvey's mother, with the peculiar elongation that she always gave when awakening her daughter.

In her room, Delia stirred in unwilling response, and then sat up, twisting her fingers aimlessly through her long plaits. " Yes, Ma," she called, " I 'm coming;" and then fell back again upon the pillow for a few delicious moments more of sleep. Finally, arousing to a realization of the time needed for the recently acquired complexities of her coiffure, she jumped out of bed and stood for a moment yawning sleepily at her reflection in the glass. She was a commonplace, color-less little thing, with indefinite features, pretty eyes, quantities of light brown hair, and a thin, immature figure. As she stood there, her plaits hanging down her back, she looked little more than a child, in spite of her twenty years. This immaturity always annoyed her.

"Oh, dear!" she muttered sleepily to her reflection. "If I only wasn't so thin!" and then began slowly to pull on her stockings. As she brushed her hair out, she heard the clock in the kitchen strike and knew she must hurry. She adroitly pinned under her own hair preparatory to fastening on her recently acquired string of eight proud puffs. She rummaged around on her bureau. What a faculty those puffs had of getting lost! As she hurriedly tossed her ribbons around, she knocked over a picture of an honest-eyed, broad-faced young man in a heart-shaped frame, and in the act brought to light a small book that lay concealed behind it. She blushed a little when its modest title, " How to Act; A Complete Histrionic Course," met her eyes, and she slipped it into the farthest corner of her drawer. As she did so, her hand touched a newspaper-cut of a well known actress, carefully mounted. She took this out, laid it down before her, and, pulling her hair out a little on the sides, threw her head back, in imitation of the pictured pose, and let her eyes drop in a haughty sidelong glance, as to her stage-struck mind there appeared this scene:

It was opening night at the great new play-house. Within a few hours would be decided the fate of the play which had been the gossip of that theatrical season. The last rehearsal had lasted far into the morning, and the nerves of the whole company were taut. Behind the scenes the actors stood in little, silent groups, their make-up already on. Gromunn, the manager, paced the stage with agitated steps. Every-where was agitation, demoralization. For, added to the terrors of a first night, there had come this appalling absence of the leading woman. Telegrams, frantic messages, all had remained unanswered. The asbestos curtain was already raised, and the house was filling. That peculiar terrifying murmur of the unseen audience, so fearful even to the hardened veterans, could plainly be heard. Suddenly a call-boy appeared with a fatal yellow slip. With trembling hand the manager opened it, and in a few moments all knew the worst. The leading woman had been thrown from her motor-car and severely in-jured. In the midst of the pandemonium that reigned when the news became known, a slight, brown-haired girl stepped forward. Every one had forgotten her, for hers was not an important part in that night's performance. Indeed, it was only to enter R. U., in cap and apron, dust a chair leg, and exit L. But as she stood quietly there, it could easily be seen that she had temperament.

"I have understudied the part," she said, "and I can play it." She spoke calmly, but it was a very emotional moment.

"What, *you!*" Gromunn roared with a harsh managerial roar. Then stopping and looking at the girl carefully, he saw that she had temperament.

" Go on," he said sharply. " Get into the clothes."

At these words the company looked at one another in amaze." It is one of the famous Gromunn finds," they murmured.

That night a new star rose among the lights of the Way, and audience and critics alike vied with each other in homage to its brightness. But in the midst of it all a slim girl, unmoved -----"Deli-a-h!" This time the elongation was so pronounced that Delia, clutching her rescued puffs in one hand and her belt in the other, hurried to the kitchen.

"Oh," she gasped, with a reproachful look at her mother, when she caught sight of the clock. A few minutes later, her mouth scalded from hastily gulped coffee, she raced down the steps and into her car, pinning her hat as she ran. As she hurried into her office building she looked fearfully up at the City Hall clock. Late again! If only the Junior Partner, the punctual member of the law firm for whom she worked, had not yet come. This hope, however, was dissipated when she saw the open door into his inner office. She snatched off her hat and coat and fell to work addressing some circulars that lay beside her machine, but she had hardly started these when her bell rang sharply, and, taking up her note-book, she answered the Junior Partner's call. He was a weary young man, with dark circled eyes, which the romantic heart of Delia chose to consider mysterious. Notwithstanding his impatient spirit, he did not refer to her lateness this morning, except by a brief glance at the clock as Delia seated herself beside his desk in readiness for business.

"I don't want to dictate anything this morning, Miss Harvey," he said shortly. "I want to show you this. It came back this morning for explanations, and I thought you might possibly be able to supply them." He handed Delia a type-written letter that she remembered having sent a week ago.

She read:

**Mr. Joseph K Townsend,  
68 Garrett Street, Boston, Mass.**

**Dear Sir:**

**Your favor of the 30th received with tumultuous applause. We have given the matter contained therein careful consideration, and we find, after going over the affairs of the National Dramatic Bonding Company, that this company is doing business of the emotional style in London, England, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of the courts here.**

**We have written to Mr. Grayson Randall, an attorney at law of the *ingénue* type, sending him the papers and facts of the production. Trusting that he will help you,**

**Very emotionally yours,**

**Boykin & Boykin.**

At noon Delia sat in the little restaurant where she usually lunched. Her cheeks were still flushed from that interview with the Junior Partner, and her eyes were a little red, but she managed to eat a very delectable doughnut, with unimpaired vigor. She would have liked a piece of pie, too, but she had seen some lovely hats on the Avenue, reduced to a tempting figure, and she was saving for one of them. She fingered the menu card idly while her imagination wandered stageward as usual.

The great theatrical success of the year had just finished its hundredth performance. In front the lights were already out, the audience had poured itself into the bright confusion of the streets and restaurants. In her dressing-room the star, with the assistance of her dresser, was removing her make-up, her beautiful figure enveloped in a lacy negligée. Finally, all traces of rouge and grease-paint having disappeared, she donned the dress that she was to wear that evening, a wonderful creation of clinging satin, her rich evening cloak of ermine around her white shoulders. As she stood thus, diamonds sparkling in her brown hair, any one could have seen that she had temperament. As she glided toward the door a large red touring-car drew up at the curb, and its owner, a certain honest-faced young man, came toward her. But before he reached her a man in evening dress sprang forward. It was the Junior Partner.

"Miss Harvey!" he cried.

The beautiful actress paused a moment, looked at him with dreadful coldness, then turned cruelly from his pleading eyes, and, entering the waiting machine, was whirled away. On the

pavement the man stood motionless with bowed head, a huge bunch of roses crushed at his feet

It was very emotional.

A large tear dropping on Delia's doughnut recalled her to herself. She hastily paid her check and hurried back to the office. His afternoon passed more tranquilly than the morning, and when five o'clock came she was quite happy again. As she stepped from the elevator on her way out, she ran straight into the waiting form of the honest-eyed young man.

A delicate pink stole into her face at this unexpected encounter, and, seizing her elbow tenderly, he piloted her skilfully through the crowded street. As they walked, he told her the news which they had been tacitly and silently waiting for so long. The expected shake-up in the office had come, and he had gotten the next desk, with three dollars more a week.

"It means a whole lot to me," he concluded, giving the thin little elbow in his grasp a loving squeeze. "You know that," he added, husky with emotion, "don't you, girl?"

Delia's eyes fluttered up for a moment to meet those of the young man, and then fell. Silently she walked the rest of the way, her thoughts straying shyly, deliciously, to that oft-dreamed of and now possible home they would have together. Still in a silent, uplifted ecstasy, she felt herself hoisted, with a final squeeze of her elbow, to a narrow foothold on the platform of a crowded car. Mechanically she worked her way inside, and there, securing the fraction of a strap, she hung dizzy with happiness. And here the stage-curtain dropped in her imagination on this gratifying finale:

"Yes, it is true," said the famous star as she sat in her luxurious dressing-room. "Mr. Gromunn will give you the particulars. There is nothing more I can say."

"But in the height of your career—with such a future?" the interviewer protested respectfully.

The star smiled dreamily.

"I don't want a career, she said happily. "I am weary of the tinsel and the mask. I want just a home and—love."

Marvelling, the journalist went out.

It was very emotional.

That night, in the darkest corner of the moving-picture theatre, sat Delia and the honest-eyed young man. The beatific state of the girl still continued in a less degree. All around her heart there glowed so much warmth and such a wonderful, painful gladness and tenderness that embraced the whole world. In this excess of feeling she had kissed her tired mother and her work-worn father when she left home that evening. In her unusual affection was mingled a vast great pity for them that they could no longer know the youth of love. And now, as the films moved before her, she felt the tears coming to her eyes in unwonted and deep appreciation of their crude pathos. Finally the title of a well known illustrated song appeared. Through the succeeding rural scenes a man and a maid posed in various sentimental attitudes, while a throaty and unseen tenor voiced feelingly of a certain masculine and lonely longing for a girl.

Moved again to husky emotion, her companion's hand sought Delia's. "Gee, I'm glad I've got one," he murmured tenderly.

Delia was so happy she could only let her hand rest in his without words, but when, in the shadow of her doorway, he drew her brown head to his shoulder and kissed her, she spoke.

"I ain't never even imagined myself so happy," and her eyes closed in blissful surrender.

## GURLS IS FIERCE

"GURLS is fierce," said Bum O'Reilly, as he contemptuously threw a set of paper dolls and their accompanying wardrobes into the waste-basket. He was cleaning up after school, putting to rights the signs of a day's struggle after knowledge in the Primer Class, when, finding the dolls tucked in the Manual-Training box on Marie Schaefer's desk, he forgot entirely the marbles hidden in his own, and thus virtuously complained.

" I betcher feelin' mad yer ain't got a lot more boys to teach instid of 'em," he went on, confidently raising a freckled face to Miss Lucy. But Miss Lucy, often wearying in guiding the stumbling footsteps of the future Presidents of her country, only smiled non-committally. Too recent were the days when she, a timid probationer from the training-school, had been given charge of the sixty little aliens in the large school down among the tenements. Bum, or, as he appeared on the roll-book, James O'Reilly, had been the untamed terror of the Primer Class, and his transformation into her right-hand man and loyal friend had been a task made possible only by the unusually soft spot in her heart for this warm-hearted, incorrigible pupil.

After this very sweeping defiance of the other sex, what happened to Bum a few days later was surprising. The Primer Class had just come in from recess, and in the temporary absence of Miss Lucy, Bum was "keeping order." As a monitor, stern enforcer of relentless laws, Bum was without a peer, and a daily proof that his was indeed the race of kings. He had just brought forth Sophie Bauerschmidt, the talker, to that place of punishment the corner, where she stood in tears, when the door opened and Miss Lucy entered, holding by the hand a new arrival in the Primer Class. This addition was Gladys Genevieve Jones, an elaborately overdressed little girl with round blue eyes and golden curls. Miss Lucy was still a little breathless from her interview with Gladys's mother, who had descended upon her in an overpowering atmosphere of cheap perfumery and imitation jewelry, and had impressed upon Miss Lucy the necessity of separating her offspring from the common herd of the Primer Class. "I've gotter be refined or bust," she had concluded emphatically, as she retired with a loud clanking of bracelets, bangles, and chatelaine boxes.

As she removed Frederick William, her littlest boy, from his seat of protection nearest her desk, and put Gladys there, Miss Lucy marvelled at the unmoved vacantness with which the new-comer received the critical stare from so many eyes. Later she came to know that this immobility was the most conspicuous thing about Gladys, and seemed to invest her with a sphinx-like fascination. It took Miss Lucy only a little time to find out also that this air of mystery shrouded an absolutely blank mind, and that the simplest teachings rolled off Gladys Genevieve like water off a duck. But although she was the most stupid child that Miss Lucy had ever known, she was always sweet-tempered, and for this reason, as well as because of her golden curls, her lacy dresses, and her toothsome lunches, she soon became the worshipped pet of the Primer Class.

It was one afternoon, when Gladys had been in school about a week, that Miss Lucy first noticed the change in Bum. It was after school, and the children had all gone home, except Gladys, who had mislaid her embroidered school-bag, and Bum, who was cleaning the boards. Finally Gladys went out with a polite little "good-by," and a moment later Miss Lucy heard an anguished moan and looked up to find Bum standing beside her with a very red face.

"Miss, I'm orful sorry," he explained with groans, "but I got orful pains. I'm 'fraid I can't be helping ye terday." Then, without another word, the sufferer bolted out the door after Gladys.

The deserted Miss Lucy tiptoed cautiously out into the hall and looked out into the school-yard. Near the gate she saw the tableaux. Gladys had stopped and was watching Bum with a polite curiosity while that recent sufferer cavorted and twisted bravely before her in a number of intricate handsprings. He made a funny little figure, performing there in his ragged clothes. It was midwinter, but his hat was of straw and fitted down over his ears, he was wearing an old pair of his mother's shoes, through which one bare, dirty toe stuck, and his trousers, held up perilously by safety-pins, began near his shoulders and came down to his shoe-tops. Finally, having concluded his performance by the difficult feat of turning a handspring neatly into his fallen hat and rising with it on his head, he stood before Gladys with an expression that ineffectually tried to be humble. Then she for whom all this had been spoke.

"My, you've got the dirtiest nose I ever saw on any boy in all my life," said Gladys serenely, and walked out the gate.

Miss Lucy went back to her room, and, unassisted, began to clean boards and straighten up.

" 'A fool there was, and he made his prayer,' " she quoted cynically.

This incident was the beginning of the love of Bum O'Keilly, which waxed each day fiercer, and for a time completely upset the Primer Class. Coming the next day with the clean face for which Miss Lucy had pleaded so long and so vainly, he deposited two round candies

on Gladys's desk. When Gladys appeared she ate the candies, and, during a lull in the lessons, thanked August Schmidt for them. That young man smirkingly accepted the thanks, and returned a little later from the recess-yard with wails and a closing eye.

Presuming upon a platonic friendship founded upon a series of fights in which she, owing to the mean feminine habit of using her finger-nails, usually came off the victor, Anna Karenina began to smoulder with a gloomy jealousy that vented itself in indiscriminate pinches. When put on the bench in the punishment corner, she made a face at Miss Lucy.

Finally a scandal was revealed.

"When you iss out of the room to-day," Sophie the tattler whispered cautiously, "Bum he kissed Gladys Chones, und he says any one wot tells he will git 'em outside und beat 'em. Gladys let him do it 'cause she was thinking she would git the bun wot he stole offer Freddy Schneider. Und she did, too," she concluded enviously.

"Und Anna iss going to kill Gladys," she went on, "mit a long knife. She seen it in the movies, she sez, just like she iss going to do it. There wuz two ladies fighting in the pickchure, one lady wot run a knife in another lady, und Anna sez that iss wot she will do mit Gladys."

"How did Anna get in the moving-pictures?" asked Miss Lucy.

"Miss," explained Sophie, "when efenings come she sets all the time down by the gutter where there ain't no polizmens. When ladies und gemlums comes she sets und she hollers orful. Und soon a gemlum or a lady stops und sez, 'Wot iss it, liddle girl?' und then Anna sez her families iss all det, und she haf lost the money wot she wuz gitting milk for her liddle sister (Miss, it iss all lies), und then the peoples gifs her sometimes more as fif cents, und she goes in the movies. Und once a lady sez, 'Come mit me, poor liddle think, und I will buy you milk,' und then Anna made a nose at her, like wot you sez ain't nice, und run down a alley."

Miss Lucy had hardly recovered from the shock of these awful disclosures before she faced another trouble. Bum stayed home from school one day, and the next appeared in a pair of wonderful red plush trousers. Also he brought a note from his mother. "Missis loosey," the worried woman had written on a piece of brown and greasy paper, "i dunno wots rong with jimmy he wont kom to skool no more if i dont let him wer his sundy Pants pleze dont let him set in nothun becuz they is all i got to put on him wen he goes wit his fawther to Mass and oblidge missis oreilly."

Miss Lucy, accepting the guardianship of the precious "sundy Pants," noticed that these were not the only tactics Bum had adopted. He had invested in a grab-bag, and, wise this time to the danger of anonymous gifts, he had written on the bag "urs trooly jams oreilly." It was a little disappointing when, after gazing delightedly at the prize, a string of blue glass beads, Gladys, who could not read a word, looked politely around for the donor. Braving Miss Lucy's displeasure, he made a megaphone of his hands. "I done it," he whispered loudly across the room. "Yer welcome" Whereupon Gladys favored him with a small smile that made him turn fiery red, with a pleasure that even Miss Lucy's sharp rebuke could not dull.

Miss Lucy might not have been so sharp in her reprimand, had not the Principal that noon told her of his intentions to come in during the course of that afternoon and examine the Primer Class in reading. It was not that the Primer Class could not read, but would the Principal understand the delicate vagaries of the struggling intellect of six years? Some had to be spurred, others coaxed. And how could he know that if, for instance, it was Sophie he tried to coax, she would, thus encouraged, burst out into a revelation of embarrassing family secrets? Again, that if he harried Marie, usually her prize performer, she would at once sit down in tears and with wild cries for maternal protection. Add to this the spectacle of Anna Karenina glooming darkly in the punishment corner, and it was no wonder that Miss Lucy's smile grew strained. When at last the door opened and the Principal appeared, he was carrying an armful of books. These, he explained to Miss Lucy, were the new primers, wonderfully compiled on the latest pedagogical lines, and quite different from the A-B-C books of a less enlightened generation. He intended to try them on the Primer Class in a test lesson.

As he had only a few copies of the book, he proceeded to double up the children accordingly. In this arrangement he somehow managed to bring together the very ones that Miss Lucy, with hard-earned wisdom, had placed as far apart as possible. Bum and Mikey Phalen, compatriots, but bloody foes, were paired off; Sophie and Lizzie, hair-pullers and staunch upholders of an old family feud, came next; also the two gluttons, Frederick William



and August Schmidt, who immediately started a wrangle over a nibbled ginger-snap. Finally he caught sight of the gloomy Anna in the corner. "Come, little girl," he said genially—"come and sit down by this nice, smiling little girl with the clean face and hands;" and he indicated the neat Gladys, who, with the glass beads on her plump neck, was sitting with a self-satisfied smile on her face. At this obvious comparison a terrible look came into Anna's dark eyes, but she squeezed docilely in beside Gladys. With her unkempt look, her toes sticking through her ragged shoes, her dark, passionate little face, already seamed and lined with the intensity of her emotions, she brought Gladys's pink-cheeked beauty out more forcibly. Miss Lucy felt a sudden throb of pity for the neglected little creature, but as she saw Anna's unfathomable dark eyes rest on the glass beads, she decided that her intense little pupil would bear close watching.

Meanwhile the Principal was pursuing his untroubled way through the reading lesson, and the Primer Class was acquitting itself well. A slight interruption came when Sophie and Lizzie were reprimanded for talking, and Sophie started to explain.

"Mister," she said plaintively, "it wuz her. She sez you wuz a Jew, und I sez you ain't, and she sez, where iss your hair gone? and I sez I donno, und she sez you iss fatter 'n my fader, und I sez you ain't, und she sez, 'Liar,' und I sez it, too, und that iss all we wuz saying."

The Principal glowered at Sophie for a minute, and then, to preserve his dignity, turned to write on the board. Miss Lucy leaned over her books to hide a giggle. It was the moment unguarded for Anna's vengeance to strike. There was a loud thud, a series of shrieks, and as Miss Lucy and the Principal rushed forward they beheld Gladys screaming upon the floor, the beads torn from her neck, and the imprint of Anna's fingers on her plump cheek. In the aisle Anna and Bum were fighting madly for the possession of a broken string clasped fiercely in Anna's dirty little hand.

While Miss Lucy picked up and pacified the sobbing Gladys, the Principal dragged Anna and Bum apart with no gentle touch. Beneath their feet he found the torn, trampled remains of one of his precious primers. Thereupon he gave Miss Lucy one awful look that told her she was to blame for it all. Then he marched the two offenders out of the room before him. "I'll attend to these," he announced darkly to Miss Lucy, and the whole Primer Class trembled.

Miss Lucy never knew exactly what punishment was meted out to the two. Somewhat later she witnessed their return, quite crushed and subdued, yet with a subtle air of their old-time comradeship between them. She did see, however, the end of Bum O'Reilly's romance. The next day Gladys's mother withdrew her daughter, and upon perfumed paper, but with uncertain spelling, announced her intention of sending her to a more select, uptown school. That day after school Bum hurried out. Miss Lucy, following a little later, caught sight of the boy hanging wistfully near the corner that Gladys passed daily. When Gladys appeared, lovely and serene, it was to walk by her admirer in disdainful oblivion. As he, with a pitiful attempt at his usual swagger, held out to her a perfectly new, unlicked, all-day sucker, orange-flavored and costing him his last cent, she spoke to him quite sweetly.

"Go away," she said gently. "I don't want your old candy, and you're only a dirty, red-headed boy that lives up an alley, and my mother says I am never to speak to you again."

The next day Bum returned to his old duties as general utility man. He never referred to his brief bondage except indirectly.

"Gurls is fierce," he remarked, as he cleaned boards with his old-time happy vigor. "I wisht ther wasn't nothin' but boys everywhere."

## BUM O'REILLY, PROBATIONER

BUM O'REILLY pulled off his ragged coat and flung his still more ragged cap joyfully down on the bricks of the school-yard. "Come on! I dare any of youse to tech it! Come on an' try—I dare youse!" Thus taunted, the group of boys before him fell into various belligerent attitudes, and one of the bolder spirits rashly kicked the hat into the gutter. That his opponent was twice his size did not cause Bum a moment's hesitation. With a whole-hearted yell, he flung himself forward, and in a moment the two were rolling about on the ground, a pummelling, kicking mass. Immediately the yard, so recently the picture of peaceful boyish gambols, became a scene of carnage. A good fight on forbidden territory was too good an opportunity to lose, and sides were at once taken by every boy in the yard, except a few timid First-Graders, who burst into tears and added their lamentations to the general uproar. It was

only after the Principal, rushing distractedly out, had gathered the chief contestants into his office, that peace descended upon the school-yard.

It was not until dismissal time had come and the last First-Grader had gone that Bum, battered but cheerful, reappeared. He wore an expression of vainly concealed happiness.

"Gee, but I got a busted nose!" he remarked complacently. Miss Lucy ignored him, but her displeasure was wasted.

"It 'll be swollen all over m' face by termorrer, I betcher," he continued with satisfaction. Bum's self-constituted task was to help Miss Lucy every day after school, and as he spoke he fell to work upon the blackboards.

"I don't wish you to help me to-day, James," said Miss Lucy coldly.

As she expected, Bum was visibly affected by this. "Aw, now, miss," he pleaded, "lemme help yer. Wotcher want to be havin' all that there chalk-dirt in yer mouth fer?"

Miss Lucy was adamant, however, and Bum departed with dampened spirits. The next afternoon he appeared with such a chastened countenance and such a beautifully sticky, quite unlicked apple-on-the-stick that Miss Lucy could not find it in her heart to be unforgiving. It was an unpleasant surprise to her when in the middle of the afternoon recess he was again returned to her, gory but triumphant. Vexed beyond discretion, Miss Lucy stood him in the corner, although she had well learned in those hard days before she had come to understand how to handle this especial scholar of hers, that nothing was to be gained and all to be lost by such high-handed treatment. Stood in the corner, Bum unrepentantly amused himself by doubling up his arm and watching the swell of the hard little muscles through the ragged coat-sleeve.

Miss Lucy, called out of the room, a few minutes later returned to an uproarious Primer Glass. Sophie Bauerschmidt dramatically described events:

"Miz, Bum wub standing in the corner making long noses at uz wot you said ain't nize, und a big boy come in, und Bum made a nose at him, und then Bum he said, 'Come on und spid in my eye, I dare you' und, Miz, the boy done id, und they wuz un orful fight, uud all us children run around und hollers."

"I simply can't stand him any more" Miss Lucy declared to the Principal. "He keeps the class so disturbed that I feel I cannot do my duty to them."

The Principal was sympathetic but helpless. However, the next afternoon he came into Miss Lucy's room with a pleased look.

"Well, that young hoodlum is gone," he said, with a nod toward Bum's empty seat. "It seems, he is the leader of a gang known deservedly as the 'Roughnecks' and they got into a stone battle with an opposing gang, during the course of which your young man heaved a brick through the plate-glass window of Bauerschmidt's saloon. Incidentally, Officer Mulcahey gathered him in. His case comes up in the Juvenile Court to-morrow morning. You will be summoned as a witness, to testify as to O'Reilly's character, or lack of it. I'll be down there to back you up in everything you say, and if you make it good and strong it'll be a year at St. Vincent's Industrial School. Good news, eh?"

To his surprise, Miss Lucy received his good news with a strange lack of enthusiasm. She turned to the board, where she had been explaining to Anna Earenina why two and three could not possibly make one.

"Well, anyhow," she remarked illogically, "I guess the O'Reilly income bought most of that plate-glass window."

Then, because the empty seat seemed somehow unfairly to accuse her, she put Frederick William Schneider in it, and tried to tell herself that it didn't seem queer to see his smug, proper little countenance there. At frequent intervals she was conscious of the smiling face of the Principal appearing at her door, repeating congratulations.

"Old Cheshire cat!" she muttered, as she made an unpcdagogical face at his retreating unconscious back. "How he gloats!"

The next morning, early, Miss Lucy arrived at the Juvenile Court.

After a sleepless night, she had finally decided that it was her duty to her class, to the Principal, and to Bum himself, that she should do all in her power to help in removing the boy from unfavorable home influences and the company of the "Roughnecks," to the right living of the Reform School. So it was with an easy mind that she entered the Juvenile Court-room. The body of the room was filled with benches on which sat the youthful transgressors, with their parents, awaiting trial. At one end, on a raised platform, was the Judge's desk, with the

bar before it, and a small enclosure to the right for the accommodation of any chance visitors. It was to this last that Miss Lucy was conducted, and from here, as she waited for the case of O'Reilly to be called, she witnessed clear, impartial justice tempered with a very humane mercy, dispensed to what seemed an endless procession of erring boyhood. The Court was a newly established one in Miss Lucy's city, with a beneficent head, of whom she had heard much. In the course of that morning she saw boys of twelve or thirteen who under the old order would have received the brand of a jail sentence for some thoughtless prank, released with a word of advice and warning, placed on the probation list for another chance, or at the worst committed to one of the industrial schools. To Miss Lucy, as she sat there and watched the cases that came before the kindly Judge, the saddest creatures of all were the mothers. There was one question that the Judge asked that, no matter how vicious and sullen the offender, always received the same answer.

"' *Stabat mater* ' " softly said a woman who sat beside Miss Lucy, a woman whose great heart and mind and fortune had been given to this problem of the city's young. " Wherever you go, in whatever city, always the same answer to that question: 'My boy was always a good boy, Judge, God bless and pity the mothers! They follow their sons to the penitentiary doors—sometimes even to the gallows steps—with those same pitiful words.'

So absorbed was Miss Lucy in the spectacle before her that it was with a start that she heard the clerk's voice, "James O'Reilly to the bar! " and she saw Bum, his mother, and Officer Mulcahey making their way up to the Judge's desk. One glance at the voluminous, untrammelled figure of Mrs. O'Reilly—clad in widow's weeds consisting of a greasy black wrapper and a disreputable bonnet enveloped in several yards of black veiling—and Miss Lucy knew that that lady had succumbed to a habit of hers when life grew too stressful of comforting herself with a "little drap." Under such circumstances, she invariably buried Mr. O'Reilly.

She had not much time to worry over this, however, before the Judge motioned her to a position at his right. There she stood while Officer Mulcahey and herself held up their right hands, and the Clerk of the Court rapidly muttered something about "the truth, and nothing but the truth." Then the Judge, having read the charge, took off his glasses and regarded Bum. As Miss Lucy, too, looked at her late scholar, she was amazed to see how little he really was. He had always seemed not much larger than the other First-Graders, but now, facing the dignity of this tribunal, he seemed only a child, little, dirty, and forlorn. Suddenly Miss Lucy surprised herself by sniffing.

"Now, don't be a fool," she cried to herself angrily, blinking her eyes rapidly and fastening her gaze and her thoughts on Officer Mulcahey. The officer was telling how he had come upon the two gangs in the midst of the stone battle, just in time to see Bum hurl the brick that had shattered the window. All the time the officer was telling his story the superintendent from the Reform School was hovering in the back-ground, waiting—" like a long-nosed bird of prey, " Miss Lucy thought unjustly. Then the Judge turned to Mrs. O'Reilly, who, during the taking of the officer's testimony, had been weeping loudly, her widow's veil coming in very conveniently as a handkerchief. " Madam, is this boy your son ? " the Judge inquired, not unkindly.

At this question Mrs. O'Reilly's grief burst all bounds. "Me only one! " she cried wildly. " Me little Jimmy ! Me only child ! The boy of me heart, and me nothin' but a poor lonely widder woman!"

" Ah, a widow! " said the Judge sympathetically, and then he looked at the record of the case before him, in which record " Martin O'Reilly, garbage remover," was entered as the active father of a numerous progeny.

" Some mistake here," he said sharply to the Clerk.

" Your Honor," explained Miss Lucy in a timid whisper, " it's not a mistake. She always thinks she's a widow when she gets—worried."

"I see," said the Judge gravely, but Miss Lucy detected a furtive twinkle in his eye as he dismissed Mrs. O'Reilly with a grave remark concerning the impropriety of intruding on a widow's grief. Then the Judge turned to Bum.

"Well, James," he began severely, "you have heard the evidence against you. Have you anything to say for yourself as to why you threw a brick through this window?"

" Mister, I never had no more stones," said Bum, with an innocence that was real and unmistakable.

For a moment the twinkle came again into the Judge's eye.

He addressed Miss Lucy.

"I understand that you are this boy's teacher," he said. "What kind of a boy is he in school?"

Now, Miss Lucy had memorized a neat, well worded little speech expatiating upon Bum's troublesomeness, his truancy and general bad conduct. But as the Judge asked this question Bum raised his eyes to her and hope sprang into his face. It was plainly the call of one in trouble to his friend for help—appealing, hopeful, confident. As pal to pal, the two spoke silently to each other across the Judge's Bar.

"He is a very good boy," said Miss Lucy.

As she spoke, she was aware that a figure suddenly upheaved itself from one of the front benches, and she was conscious of looking into the amazed face of the Principal. She clutched the rail defiantly. "He is a very good boy," she repeated firmly, "one of my best pupils."

For a moment the Judge's eyes rested upon Miss Lucy. Then he fumbled silently through his records for what seemed ages to Miss Lucy. Had she saved this dear ragamuffin of hers, or would it be a Reform-School sentence? Her hands were icy and her cheeks burnt.

Finally the Judge spoke.

"James," he said kindly, "I am going to suspend judgment in your case for a month. During that month you will be under the surveillance of one of the Juvenile Court Probation Officers. This officer's report on you will depend, in turn, largely upon your teacher's report of you—your teacher being, I am sure, trustworthy, honorable" (here Miss Lucy blushed violently), "and also, I believe, a staunch—a very staunch—friend of yours. You may go."

Monday morning the Principal greeted Miss Lucy with a sour face. "And yet you object to being classed legally with idiots and criminals! You—heaven forbid!—even want to serve on grand juries. Tell me, will you, exactly why you acted as you did?"

"Well," said Miss Lucy judicially, "I just didn't like the Reform School superintendent's nose."



## THE "PUBLIC ATHLETIC LEAGUER"

BUM," said Miss Lucy mournfully, one day after school, "why are you always getting into fights?" It was the first week of Bum's month of probation to the Juvenile Court, and he had already been reported the aggressor in several battles.

"I dunno jest why, miss," Bum replied frankly. "It's jest a orful feeling gits insider me, worser'n a pain, jest like I'm goVer bust. Sometimes jest hollerin' an' runnin' around 'll git rid of it, but some-times there ain't nothin' 'll do it no good but punchin' some feller's bean."

Miss Lucy considered seriously for some days over the problem of getting rid of this surplus energy of Bum's. As a result, she and Bum one day made a visit to one of the neighborhood gymnasias in charge of the Public Athletic League, and Bum was enrolled as a member. She hoped that if he could be induced to attack the punching-bag instead of "some other feller's bean" when the "orful" feelings assailed him, all might yet be well.

His first few visits to the gymnasium were disappointing. "I ain't t'inkin' much of them callusth'necks," he said gloomily to Miss Lucy—"jest standin' in a line an' stickin' yer arms an' legs out different ways."

"He's such a queer mixture," Miss Lucy confided to the director, a solemn-faced young man with spectacles, who looked like a melancholy bookworm, yet who was one of the most aggressive and influential of the Boys' Gymnasium instructors. "In class-room I can't get him to read intelligently or to do his sums right, but he can easily spell out the sporting sheet of any paper, and he seems to know the batting averages of every ball-player in the country. His only law seems to be loyalty to the 'gang,' his immediate ambition to 'git' Fattie Schunck, a stout Bohemian boy about twice his size. His idea of the future is to be a police captain in winter and a big league second-baseman in summer."

The director took off his glasses from his apparently near-sighted eyes that were really so keen, and looked thoughtful. As a probable result of these meditations, Bum appeared the next day wearing a mysterious air of importance and a small blue button proclaiming him the captain of the Junior Baseball Team of the Public Athletic League.

"He's the best Junior Captain we ever had," the director confided to Miss Lucy later. "He's popular with the boys, and yet a strict disciplinarian. I never saw such tact and diplomacy in a youngster."

"I always did say he was going to be a famous political leader some day" said Miss Lucy proudly.

From that day, when he first put on the League button, Bum became a changed boy. Street brawls were things of the past; his responsibility weighed heavily upon him, and loyalty to the "gang" changed to loyalty to the League, whole-hearted and intense.

For a time things went smoothly. Under Bum's management, the Juniors won several games. Then Miss Lucy began to notice a harassed look on Bum's face. One day he appeared with a cut over one eye. The next day something had happened to his nose. Goaded by Miss Lucy's reproaches, he at last explained.

"It wasn't no fight, miss," he said gloomily. "Yistidy it was Fattie Schunck pushing m' head in the back when I was taking a drink outer the burble fount'in, an' the day before he tripped me up when we was practisin' fer the relay race."

Miss Lucy looked incredulous amazement.

"Miss," Bum went on in pathetic eagerness, "I kin prove it by you I ain't afeerd 'er him, can't I? He's a heavyweight all right, but I got a upper-cut thet gits his goat ivry time." In earnest illustration and without any intention of disrespect, he drew back, doubled up his lean little fist, and let fly within a fraction of an inch of Miss Lucy's nose in a way that made her jump back suddenly.

"Yes, I know," she said hastily. "Well, then, why don't you give it to him—that is," she corrected herself quickly, "why don't you report it to the director?"

"Miss, I gotter think 'er the team," replied the battered but loyal Leaguer. "The big game's comin' off nixt Sat day. We 're go'n'er play the Seniors, an' Fattie's the" only pitcher we got thet kin beat 'em. He's got a fade-away, miss, like a regular profesh. But he knows he's got m' goat, an' he's actin' dirty."

Evidences of Fattie's mean conduct appeared frequently during the ensuing week upon various portions of Bum's engaging Irish features. Also, under the strain, he began to look thin and pale.

"You've simply got to report him!" cried Miss Lucy in alarm. "Why, you won't have a whole feature left!"

"Aw, now, miss, yer jest talkin'," replied the fanatically loyal Bum. He gritted his teeth balefully. "But I 'm jest holdin' out till Sat'day, miss, and then he's go'n'er git his, all right."

Her Saturday afternoons Miss Lucy generally gave to the frivolity of a matinee, but that pleasant afternoon in May found her, with a goodly number of the admiring friends and families of the Public Athletic Leaguers, at the baseball grounds of the League in the city park. Around the diamond, on the grassy slope, lay the members of the League in various attitudes of expectancy, while the grand-stand was represented by several rows of park benches that were already well filled. Several peanut venders gave a realistic touch to the scene, and already in the field the future Cobbs, Matthewsons, and Wagners were practising in the neat white uniforms and navy blue caps and stockings that composed the uniform of the League.

Probably no one of the spectators knew so well as Miss Lucy all the chances and mischances of the opposing teams in that game. She knew that the Seniors' strength lay in its heavy batters and its good fielding, while the pitching end was shaky; and that the Juniors had an uncertain outfield and poor batters, and that their fat, cowardly "southpaw" really held the whole team in his wonderful left arm. She knew that for some mysterious reason if you hollered "sausage face" at Hicks Jackson, the Seniors' second-baseman, he would blow right up. Also that Fattie Schunck, unlike the other boys, who played in ordinary rubber-soled gymnasium shoes, had bought himself a pair of regular baseball shoes, with two wicked spikes sticking, like huge teeth, out from each sole.

For a while the game went along as most amateur games do, with a plentiful sprinkling of runs and errors, its progress marked by the hoots, cat-calls, taunts, and pleadings of the contingent on the grass, who occasionally, when things grew too unendurably emotional, arose in a body, pushed forward upon the diamond, and had to be firmly repulsed by the park policeman. It was evident that the whole strength of the Juniors lay in Bum, who played a masterly game on second base, and was a verbal wonder on the coaching line, and Fattie,

whose fade-away had the Seniors guessing. At the beginning of the seventh inning the score was 15 to 10 in favor of the Seniors. Then a judicious and timely yelling of the hated epithet at Hicks Jackson caused that youth to miss an easy grounder which bounded along merrily to the outfield, where it caused to be enacted a little scene painful and galling to the actors in it, but which has been known to occur even among big-leaguers. Joe Lane and Blutch Jennings, the Seniors' right and centre fielders, both hurrying after the frisky sphere, collided with such violence that both were thrown ignominiously upon their backs, to arise panting with mutual rage while the ball pursued its undisturbed course. It was Bum's grounder, and he meanwhile had been tearing like mad around the bases. It was Fattie's turn next at the bat, so as Bum got safely home the two met at the plate, then Bum threw himself breathless upon the grass to one side. Audience and players were all engrossed in watching the umpire soothe the feelings of the colliding outfielders, so no one noticed the sly, quick lift of Fattie's foot with the sharp spikes on its sole, and how it descended with cruel force upon Bum's outstretched leg; or how a little later Bum went staggering, white but nobly mute, to the players' bench. Even Miss Lucy did not understand during the next innings, when he let go past him fly balls that on other occasions he would have leaped gladly to capture, and made error after error. "He's lost his nerve/" she thought, amazed. She saw, however, how alarmingly white he had become, so when the game ended with the score of 19 to 13 in favor of the Seniors, and most of the Athletics had been borne away joyfully or consolingly by their fellows, she went over to where Bum was sitting forlornly hunched up in a ragged red sweater and pulling gingerly at his blue stocking. The young director who had umpired the game was beside him. To her surprise, as she approached, Bum turned up to her a face white with agony. As she leaned over, the director pulled down the stocking and disclosed on Bum's leg, right above the ankle, a long, ragged gash. Above the heroic Athletic Leaguer, the eyes of Miss Lucy and the director met in pity and understanding.

"A dirty Irish trick," said the director in an unsteady voice, "and no one but a Dutchman would have done it."

Now, it has been whispered that one day, a week or so after the Senior-Junior game, when every one—even those two potentates, the Janitor and the Principal—had gone home, a young woman looking strangely like Miss Lucy was seen standing, a pleased look upon her face and a ragged red sweater and cap in her hand, at the gate of the Boys' Yard, apparently keeping a sharp watch out for Officer Mulcahey, while from within came awful cries of woe and Teutonic bellows of rage and pain. But as she was the very one who was in honor bound to the Judge of the Juvenile Court to see that Bum kept the peace, and also as no one can deny that the dove of peace has always been Miss Lucy's rightful and favored insignia, the whole story was probably nothing but a libel.

## PRISONERS IN THE TOWER

An Episode of Travel

By Lucy Copinger

IN THE words of Macaulay this, ladies and gentleman, is the saddest spot on earth." The white-haired old Tower guard in charge of the little chapel of Saint Peter waved his hand impressively toward the open door. "Through that door"--the heads of the American tourists who were doing the Tower all turned in unison--"you may see the block upon which many a royal head has rested, and beneath these very stones lie buried two dukes between two queens--Dukes of Northumberland and of Somerset, with the Queens Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard--all beheaded."

The chapel was a crypt-like place, windowless, dark, and musty, and at this mournful climax one of the tourists who was nervous moved suddenly off that particular stone upon which she had been standing; the school teachers out for self-improvement began to write it all in their note-books, while a stout matron evidently of good old Dutch stock looked sadly down at the flat, gray stones. "Poor things!" she murmured, "and there ain't one of them got a respectable white tombstone with a wreath carved on it." Then, in their usual two-by-two line, the party moved down the aisle wearily, but triumphant in the fact that they had succeeded in

doing the Tower, the Abbey, and the Museum all in one day. Peggy Wynne, in demurely severe blue suit and jaunty panama, lagged at the end of the line while she looked critically at her compatriots.

"The animals went out two by two, The elephant and the kangaroo," she murmured to herself, "and I'm so tired of playing Noah's Ark or a Christian Association out for a lark," she continued in unconscious poetical despair. Then, warned by the attitude of the guard, that wonderful attitude of the haughty Briton in hopes of a tip, she opened her ridiculously tiny gold-linked purse and gave herself up to the absorbing question as to which of the pieces therein was a shilling. Having at last decided this, she presented it to the guard with a dazzling smile. It had been so long since Peggy had had an opportunity to smile at anything masculine that the smile was unusually bright.

She had already passed through the little door when she suddenly turned back. The other tourists, noses in Baedekers, were hurrying on before, the guard was busily counting his sixpences, and she slipped back into the dim chapel unperceived.

"They'll think I've gone back to those dingy lodgings," she reflected, as she groped her way between the benches into an even more shadowy corner--a little recess, with a tiny niche in the wall, that had probably been the sanctuary of some pious king. She seated herself comfortably behind the pillar in the corner and gazed pensively at the stones.

"Tombs and tombs and tombs!" she murmured mournfully, "even in Paris, instead of Maxim's and the cafes, nothing but tombs! The next time I want to see where anybody is buried I will just go out to the cemetery instead of coming across that dreadful ocean. Oh, just to have one adventure before I go home!" she continued with a long sigh, "a real adventure with a real man in it--not a horrid, womanish Frenchman or a stolid, conceited Britisher, but a nice, safe American--like--like--like--my American."

Then the dimple in her right cheek that was probably responsible for the calling her Peggy, in spite of her many protests for her rightful dignity of "Margaret," came out suddenly as it always did when she thought of her American. She had called him that from the time when, in the midst of the perplexities of the English luggage system, she had looked up and found him watching her. The cut of his gray suit and his shoes had told her his nationality at once, and they had looked for a moment at each other with that peculiar friendliness that compatriots in a strange land always feel. She had forgotten him until, leaning from a taxi-cab in the Rue de la Paix, she had met the same eyes, this time so unrestrainedly joyful in their recognition that she had suddenly blushed. When, a week later at Calais, as she stood by the rail of the departing Channel steamer she caught a glimpse of him on the dock, he had seemed like an old friend, and before she had thought she had smiled in answer to his lifted hat. She had grown so sure of seeing him that now when they had been in London a week and he had not appeared she found herself suddenly sick of tombs and tourists.

Peggy's day had been a strenuous one of trams, motor-busses, abbeys, and galleries, and though she realized an adventure might probably await her outside, it was pleasant to sit for awhile in the dimness of the quiet chapel. From her recess she could look out through the open doors upon the tragic Tower Green, where in the sunlight two sparrows were frivolously flirting. Even as she watched, the sparrows grew dim, her ridiculously tiny purse slipped from her hand, her head with its thick dark hair dropped against the pillar, and her lashes touched her cheek. After awhile a cautious footfall sounded in the chapel, then somewhere a heavy door closed, and all was still.

When Peggy sat up indignantly with the queer sensation that she had been violently shaken, darkness surrounded her, a darkness so deep that she could not see her hand as she ran it along the bench in front of her. With the movement came remembrance of her surroundings, and also a realization in strained and aching muscles that a stone pillar is not a wise choice for a head-rest.

"Oh!" she gasped painfully.

"Don't be frightened," entreated a voice quite near to her, and out of the lesser darkness a tall black figure rose suddenly.

"I am not at all frightened," said Peggy at once. In spite of the bigness of the figure there was something reassuring in the voice with its crisp, humorous note and its intonation that Peggy at once recognized as American.

"What are you doing here?" she continued, inhospitably addressing the darkness before her.

"I went to sleep" the voice explained, "on the other side of the pillar."

"How silly!" said Peggy, severely, "didn't you see me here?"

"It was a little dim," the voice apologized and, Peggy's silence still condemning, "you should have snored," it continued extenuatingly.

Peggy arose with a dignity that she hoped penetrated the darkness. Then she groped along the bench.

"My purse," she explained anxiously, "and it had a sixpence for tea and two shillings for tips," she continued with an unconscious epitome of the joys of traveling. As she groped along bench and floor she was conscious of assistance from her companion, and just as she grasped the discovered purse she felt purse and hand caught and retained in a firm grip.

"I apologize," he said at once, still however, holding on to her hand, "I thought it was the purse."

Peggy jerked her hand loose indignantly, and speechless with wrath she hurried toward the door only to find that she had mistaken her direction. In her effort to recover her bearings she became hopelessly confused, stumbled noisily over a bench, and fell headlong into the arms of her companion.

"You had better sit down again," he remarked coolly as he returned her to her seat and sat down calmly beside her. As he did so Peggy noted curiously the dim attractive silhouette of his head and the remarkably good line from ear to shoulder.

"I am going at once," she said haughtily, but without moving.

"You can't," the man beside her replied, "and if you promise not to cry or fall over any more benches I will tell you why--although I myself do not object to the latter," he continued judicially, "but for the sake of your own bones, merely."

Peggy ignored the last.

"Why can't I go?" she said defiantly.

"Because the door is locked," he explained succinctly.

"We can both scream or you can throw a bench through the window," said Peggy triumphantly.

The unseen laughed a nice laugh that Peggy liked.

"In that latter case, beside the fact that there is no window, we would surely be had up before the head-warden of this old jail. Besides, do you know what time it is?"

"About tea time," said Peggy who had lunched frugally at one of the tea-shops on a cup of tea and a jam roll.

"Just before you woke up," said her companion, "I used my last match--it always is the last in a case like this--to look at my watch. It was half-past twelve. Remember, you promised----" at a warning gurgle from Peggy.

Then suddenly a laugh rang out sweet and clear in the darkness of the musty chapel, a laugh that echoed into the recesses of the old tombs--perhaps in its musical cadences stirring pleasantly the haughty slumber of their noble occupants.

"What are you laughing at?" said the voice suspiciously.

"An adventure at last!" Peggy cried, clapping her hands applaudingly.

"I am glad you take it so cheerfully," returned her companion. "There is only one thing to do," he continued practically, "I thought it out for myself before you woke up and complicated matters by your appearance. Of course with sufficient yelling we can arouse the barrack sentry, and for our pains we'd probably have the whole barrack out to arrest us. There is no way in which you can offend the noble and independent Briton more deeply than by treating lightly his worship of royalty, dead or alive, and we would probably be held for committing \_lese majeste\_ by getting ourselves locked up with the numerous relicts of Henry the Eighth. But if we wait until morning we can run good chances of slipping out unperceived with the first crowd of tourists."

"I feel just like the little princes in the Tower, or Queen Mary or Charlotte Corday," murmured Peggy in ecstatic historical confusion, "or somebody noble and romantic and beheaded. I think I shall play at being Queen Mary. I once learned a piece about her. It was very sad, but I always stuck at the fifth line and had to sit down. Since we have to stay here till morning we might as well amuse ourselves and you may be Rizzio."

"Who was he?" asked her companion sceptically, "sounds like one of those Italian fellows."



"He was Queen Mary's chaperon," Peggy explained vaguely, "and he sang her love songs."

"Good," said the voice agreeably.

"Can't you think of something else for me?" said the unseen, gloomily appalled by the prospect of having doughnut recipes pronounced over his remains.

"How would you like to be Darnley?" said Peggy. "He was her husband." "I'll be Darnley," came from the darkness so decidedly that Peggy jumped.

"You have to get blown-up right off," she hastened to add. "Darnley did."

"Oh he did, did he?" the voice spoke with deeper gloom.

"Queen Mary did it," added Peggy.

"Well, even in the Dark Ages matrimony seems to have given your sex the same privileges," philosophized her companion cynically.

"How mean!" said Peggy coldly, "I shall play at being Elizabeth all alone."

"It wouldn't suit you," said her discarded leading man, "not with your voice."

"Why not?" said Peggy.

"Because it's not hard and cold and metallic enough. Because it has too much womanly sweetness in it and not enough harsh masculinity."

"What a good dramatic critic you would make!" said Peggy a little spitefully, "and since you are reading voices I can tell quite well by yours that you are fat and red faced."

The man laughed.

"And by the same token you are all sweetness and blue eyes and dearness and dimples," he punished her. Then the banter in his tones died suddenly out.

"There's something I want to tell you," he said abruptly, with a movement that seemed in the darkness like a sudden squaring of his shoulders. "But first I want you to tell me your name."

"What a sudden descent from romance and poetry to mere stupid facts," hedged Peggy. "Think, in this atmosphere of royalties if it should be Bridget, or, still more horrible, Mamie."

"Please," the voice persisted in its gravity, "we have been fellow-prisoners, you know, and you should be kind."

Peggy told him with the full three-syllabled dignity of the "Margaret."

"Mine," he continued, "is John Barrett."

"Now," cried Peggy, "if this were a proper adventure we have reached the place when I should be able to say, 'Why! not the Jack Barrett that Brother Billy knew at Harvard?' Then you would cry, 'And this is my old chum William's little sister Peggy that used to send him fudge!' and then everything would be all right. But I haven't any brother at all," she finished regretfully.

"And Harvard wasn't my college," said her companion. "However," he went on, "it would take more than the conventional backing of many brother Billies to put me right with you after I've told you what I have to tell you."

"Then don't do it," said Peggy softly.

"If I didn't know you'd find it out in a very few minutes I wouldn't," he confessed shamelessly. "But before I tell you I want you to know what finding you here meant to me. You've got to realize the temptation before you can understand the fall. You always got away from me, from that first time in Liverpool----"

"Oh!" said Peggy with a gasp.

"And at Paris and at Calais when you smiled adorably at me----"

"I didn't" said Peggy, blushing in the darkness.

"When you didn't smile adorably at me, then," pursued the voice relentlessly. "It was always the same. I found you and you were gone--snatched away by an unkind fate in the form of your man from Cook's. When you sailed away from me at Calais I was booked to leave that same day from Antwerp, but I came on here after you instead. London is small--the American tourist London, that is--the Abbey, the Museum, the galleries, and the Tower, but I seemed to miss you everywhere. It was fate again that sent me here to find you asleep in the corner."

"Now I know you are going to tell something very foolish," said Peggy reflectively, "when people begin to talk about fate like that you always find they are just trying to shift the responsibility."

"I want you to know it wasn't premeditated, however," pursued the voice. "It wasn't till the guard shut the door that I thought of it. You will believe that, won't you?" he pleaded.

The dimple appeared suddenly in Peggy's cheek. There came an echo from without of many footsteps.

"And so," she took up the tale quickly, "having nicely planned it all out you shook me rudely to wake me up, told me the door was locked, and that it was midnight when it was only four in the afternoon. And it wasn't at all necessary to shake me so hard," she continued, "because I woke up when you came in."

"Peggy you knew!" the voice cried with a sudden realization, "you knew and you stayed!" He caught her hand, and in the darkness she could feel his nearness. Then suddenly the door opened letting into the chapel a flood of bright sunlight. "Ladies and gentlemen," the sonorous voice of the old guard came to them, "this, in the words of Macaulay, is the saddest spot on earth," continued the mournful recital, even as, in happy contradiction, Peggy and her American, secure in their little recess, looked blissfully into each other's eyes.